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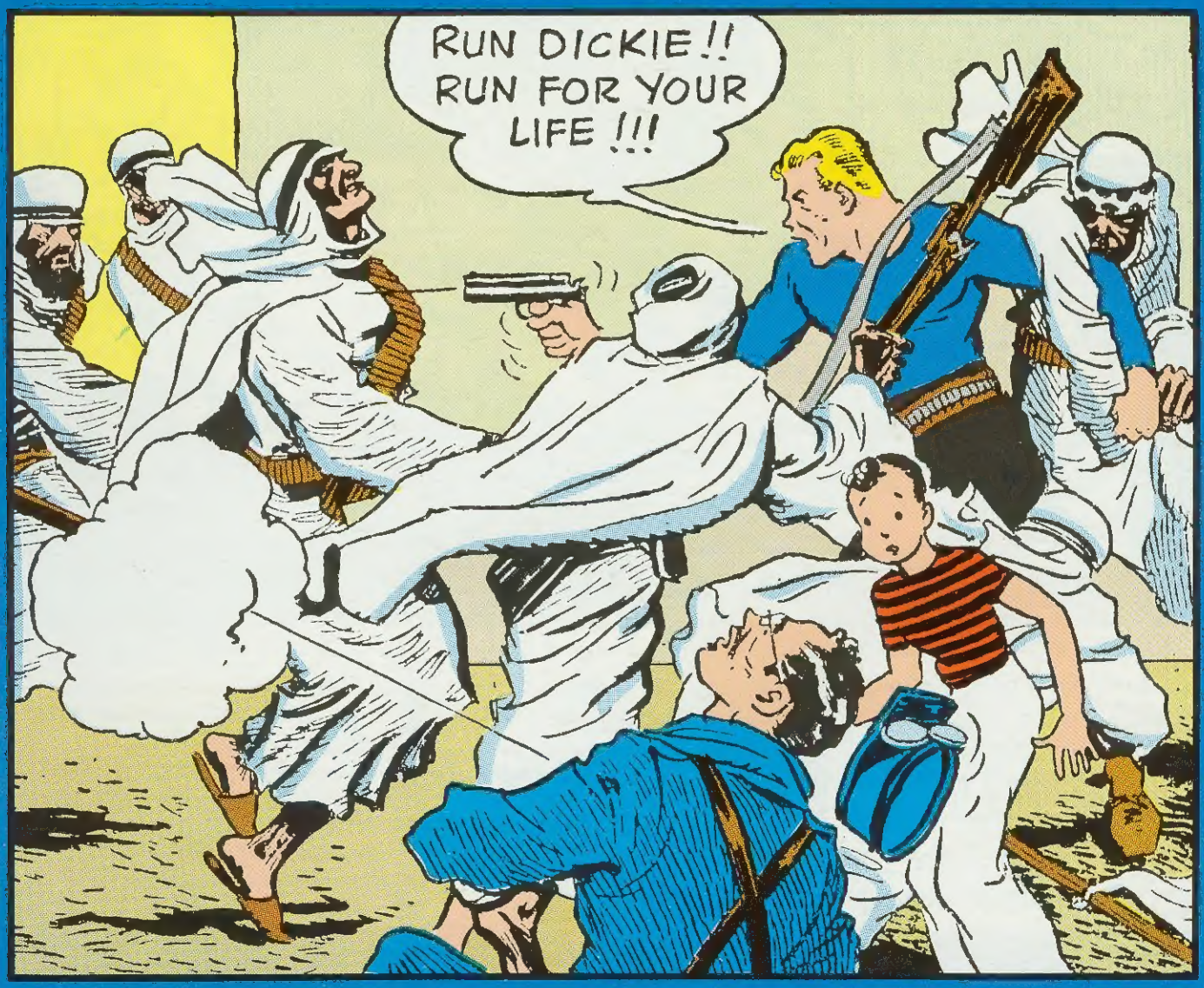
The Art and Artists Of TIM TYLER'S LUCK

HAIRBREADTH HARRY's SF Exploits Continue

Milton Caniff's First Adventure Strip!

A Complete 1933 Episode of "Dickie Dare"



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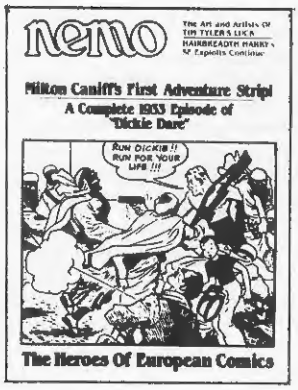
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The Art and Artists Of TIM TYLER'S LUCK HAIRBREADTH HARRY & Exploits Continue
Milton Caniff's First Adventure Strip!
A Complete 1933 Episode of "Dickie Dare"
RUN DICKIE!! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE !!!
The Heroes Of European Comics

Cover illustration by MILTON CANIFF.

NEMO: The Classic Comics Library (ISSN 0746-9438) #15, Oct., 1985. Vol. II, No. 5. Published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. One-year subscription (six issues): $21.00. Outside the U.S.: $24.00 in U.S. funds. Second-class postage paid at Agoura Hills CA and additional mailing offices. **Postmaster:** Send address change to: NEMO, POB 787, Bethel CT 06801. Entire contents copyright © 1985 Fantagraphics Books, Inc. The articles and essays in *NEMO* are © by their respective authors. Special contents of *NEMO* are © by Richard Marschall and Fantagraphics Books. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or Richard Marschall. Letters to NEMO become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: Aug., 1985.

ABOVE: Milton Caniff's Dickie Dare. BELOW: C.W. Kahles's Hairbreadth Harry. BOTTOM: William Overgard's Rudy.

HARRY!! THAT RAT HAS BEEN PLAYING POSSUM!! HE'S ESCAPING!
HE WON'T GO FAR, BELINDA! WHEN YOU TRIPPED ON THAT WIRE, YOU ALSO SET OFF AN ALARM!

5
On-the-Job Training
Before *Steve Canyon*, before *Terry and the Pirates*, there was *Dickie Dare*. In his first syndicated strip Milton Caniff not only created some stylish adventure, but tested many character and plot devices he used later. A full episode, introduced by Rick Marschall.

27
The Many Disguises Of Tim Tyler
Lyman Young utilized as many assistants on Tim Tyler's Luck as he did changes of locale for Tim and Spud. Javier Coma chronicles the lucky run of this famed adventure strip.

35
Meanwhile, Hanging On the Cliff
Hairbreadth Harry was remarkable enough for its pioneering aspects as an adventure/continuity strip. This issue's sequence, however (continued from *NEMO* #14) features clever satire and bizarre science-fiction elements. Mark Johnson also sheds some more light on Harry's creators.

50
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Printed at:
PORT PUBLICATIONS

DISTRIBUTED BY:

Bud Plant, Inc., PO Box 1886, Grass Valley CA 95945 U.S.A. (916) 273-9588

Capital City Distribution, 2827 Perry St., Madison WI 53713 U.S.A. (608) 274-8987

Diamond Comic Distributors, 1720 Belmont Ave., Bay B-2, Baltimore MD 21207 U.S.A. (301) 298-1184

Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura CA 91301 U.S.A. (818) 706-7606

Glenwood Distributors, 124 Vandalia, Collinsville IL 62234 U.S.A. (618) 345-1027

Second Genesis, 1112 NE 21st Street, Portland OR 97232 U.S.A. (503) 281-1821

Styx Comics Service, 1858 Arlington Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2X 1W6 Canada (204) 586-8547

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NEXT ISSUE: AN AMERICAN CLASSIC

Mark Twain's *HUCKLEBERRY FINN* is one of the greatest achievements of American letters, and this year marks the 100th anniversary of its publication. *NEMO* celebrates the unique character of Huck in two special ways: a first-person account by the book's cartoonist-illustrator, E.W. Kemble, of how his cartoons were created and shaped the public's image of Huck forever; and a portfolio of rare, all-but-forgotten comic strips, *Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn*, licensed by the Mark Twain Estate and drawn by Clare Victor Dwiggins. These delightful classics are unknown even to Twain scholars, and the exclusive reprinting in *NEMO* #16 will be their first resurrection in more than half a century!

Also. . . Herriman's *BARON BEAN*! One of the many, many other great strips beside *Krazy Kat* in George Herriman's pantheon is *Baron Bean*. The Baron was a self-deluding scoundrel who dragged his faithful retainer Grimes on all sorts of absurd schemes and impossible dreams. *NEMO* #16 presents a full episode wherein the Baron runs for constable. George Herriman at his surprising best!

More! Penman of the Past JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL, introduced by illustration historians Walt and Roger Reed: Astounding virtuoso penwork by a master of sinister moods and fantastic visions. . . Europe's Greatest Comics Hero: Millions around the world, in fact, would claim that Hugo Pratt's *CORTO MALTESE* is actually the best comic being drawn today; meet him, *Bruno Brazil*, and others. . . *HAIRBREADTH HARRY*, fresh from daring exploits over the past two issues, concludes his science-fiction escapades despite the clenched-teeth threats of one Rudolph Rassendale (hiss!).

All in the 16th fascinating issue of *NEMO: The Classic Comics Library*—on sale in NOVEMBER!

BACK ISSUES

1 Premiere issue! Featuring a vintage *Terry and the Pirates* sequence, revelations on George Herriman's early career, Cliff Sterrett, Dik Browne interviewed, more!

2 Exclusive material on *Superman*, including the original Siegel/Shuster fanzine version. Also: *Terry and the Pirates* concludes, Fred Harman, Art Young.

7 Special Carl Barks issue, with six pages of full-color Barks work! Also, an interview with the Duck Man; rare animation art; Clare Briggs, *Smilin' Jack*, more.

8 All-*Little Orphan Annie* issue, including a complete reprint of a 1929 tale, an analysis of the series, and a biography of Harold Gray. Full-color cover by Gray.

10 Christmas issue, with a portfolio of cartoonists' Christmas cards. Also, Gustave Verbeek's *Upside-Downs*, Mell Lazarus interviewed, Raw Ewer, and *Mutt and Jeff*

11 *Sam's Strip* premieres; "Dwig's" cartoons; giant Charles Dana Gibson portfolio; James Montgomery Flagg remembered; and the forgotten antics of *Slim Jim*.

12 The cartoonists who fought World War II; Frank King's most fantastic strip; Jack Williamson and Lee Elias's *Beyond Mars* SF strip; and penwoman Rose O'Neill.

13 Big half-year sequence from Will Gould's classic, violent *Red Barry*; *Major Hoople*; a look back at TAD; and another installment of *Sam's Strip*.

14 The decorative art of George McManus, with McManus full-color cover; *Moon Mullins* reprinted; the beginning of *Hairbreadth Harry*; and *Sam's Strip*.

15 Milton Caniff's classic *Dickie Dare* reprinted; *Tim Tyler's Luck*; *Hairbreadth Harry* continues; an extra-long European heroes; plus reviews and letters.

annual 1 Giant 11" x 17" Screwball Comics special, with features on (and portfolios of) Gross, Dr. Seuss, *Smokey Stover*, more!

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Of Stout Fellahs And Real Thrills

Milton Caniff's Early Adventure Strip, *Dickie Dare*

-I HAVE FETCHED THEE A GUEST, FAIR MARIAN! -ONE DICKIE DARE, WHO HAS THIS DAY PROVED HIMSELF WORTHY TO BE ONE OF OUR MERRIE CREW!
I'M PLEASED TO MEETCHA, MRS. ROBIN!

From one of the Dickie Dare dream sequences.

By Rick Marschall

The child is father of the man.

Milton Caniff was a young cartoonist when he created his first comic strip, for the Associated Press, but the reference in the quotation above is more to Caniff's seminal strip *Dickie Dare*. Not only was *Dickie* his "trial run" at a daily adventure mode, but in the full episode we present herewith Caniff explores some of the techniques—artistic and thematic—that appeared just a few years later in *Terry and the Pirates*.

A 1930 graduate of Ohio State University, Milton Caniff married and took a full-time job on the *Columbus Dispatch*'s art staff (where he had free-lanced for several years previous) after college. but the Depression intervened and Caniff—last in, first out—was fired. He worked at several enterprises: With young friend Noel Sickles, then working for the *Ohio State Journal*, he opened an art studio; he also served in various capacities, including acting, for a touring theatric troupe.

But clippings of artwork he had done for the *Dispatch* had made their way to New York, unbeknownst to Caniff. A midwestern Associated Press staffer, L.A. Brophy, had forwarded items to AP headquarters in New York, where the prestigious feature service was cultivating its fledgling comic-strip and cartoon service. A job offer was made in 1932 and Caniff, on borrowed money, moved to New York to begin a career, of whose ultimate heights he may have only dared dream. The AP put him on general art assignment, much as the *Dispatch* had done. Caniff drew portraits of the major politicians of the 1932 presidential campaign; a one-column cartoon-and-poem for children, *Puffy the Pig;* and a three-column vignette panel on the model of J.R. Williams and Gaar Williams, *The Gay Thirties*, with which Al Capp and Hank Barrow were also associated at the Press.

The AP offered its complete service to subscribing client newspapers, who were free to use or reject material as they saw fit—or as they saw what fit as the paper was being composed. This allowed flexibility to local editors, and the AP wanted to offer the most attractive package possible. So the opportunity came to add an adventure strip, and Milton Caniff jumped at the chance.

Dickie Dare was an adventure strip, but by design was to be an adventure for children, which was a respected tradition in literature. Many of Howard Pyle's stirring tales of pirates were directed at the young, and in comics, strips like *Phil Hardy; Bobby Thatcher; Bound to Win or Ben Webster's Career; Little Orphan Annie; Washington Tubbs II;* and the various strip adaptations of classical novels fashioned by King Features, Bernarr McFadden, and Ed Wheelan were nominally, or originally, designed for children.

So Caniff fit easily into this new mold, and created *Dickie Dare* as an adventure strip that kids could relate to, but one, also, that adults might enjoy looking at. Dickie was to travel through storybook and real history, akin to the dream-like trips of Little Nemo and some of the characters chronicled in this magazine's *Fantasy in the Comics* series. At first Dickie's only constant companion was his dog Wags, who resembles Herge's canine sidekick of Tintin, Snowy.

The strip, which debuted on July 31, 1933, proceeded for nine months on these lines before Caniff made an adjustment. His imagination's "magic carpet" had propelled Dickie through encounters with Robin Hood, pirates, cowboys, and even Jerusalem during Holy Week, but in early May of 1934 Caniff added some new elements. Actually we can see affinities at play.

His artwork was improving, and it may have seemed natural to fashion a more realistic storyline to match. Likewise the list of other adventure strips listed above was being supplemented by more adult-oriented features like *Tarzan, Flash Gordon,* and *Dick Tracy*. But mostly—in retrospect—we can see obvious foreshadowings of *Terry and the Pirates*, which was to debut just a few months later. (In fact Caniff was reaching agreement with Captain Patterson of the *News* as he drew *Dickie Dare*, and was to see the two strips running simultaneously in papers by year's end.)

Dickie acquired a handsome older man as companion and protector, Dan Flynn, who resembles a blond Pat Ryan of the *Terry* strip. Dickie's adventures become real, not imaginary, and take him to exotic locales, as in *Terry*. Dan acquires a romantic interest, Kim Sheridan, who prefigures Normandie Drake—right down to her sudden departure due to an unfortunate *alliance* with an unsavory chap.

But *Dickie Dare* is more than a curiosity piece: it is not a mere relic of Milton Caniff's developmental stage nor should it be seen exclusively as a sounding-board for themes and devices used in *Terry*. The strip is an unfolding adventure full of violence, intrigue, and action. The strip deserves to be reprinted in full, and will be soon, as previously announced, in a one-volume *NEMO Bookshelf* edition.

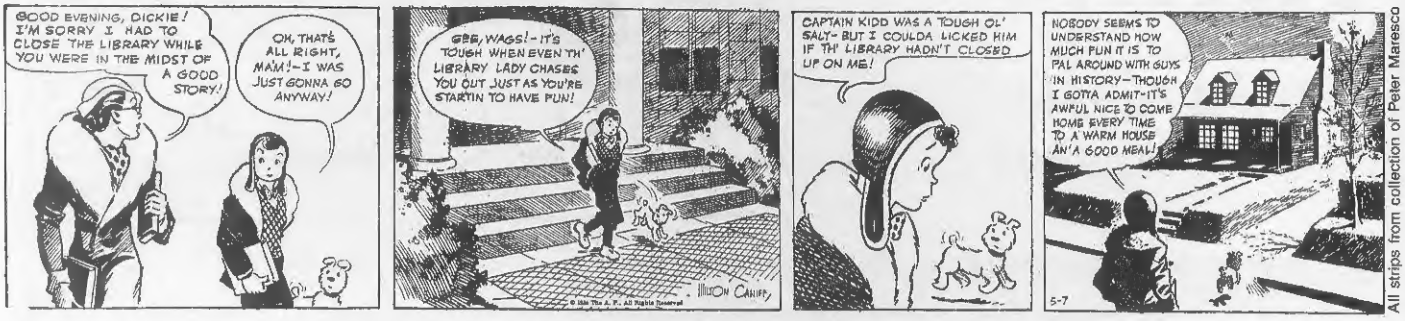
Our episode this issue is the first of the post-fantasy adventures, featuring the introduction of Dan and the embarkation upon real-world thrill. We can trace Caniff's art as well as his thematic shifts—he grows more assured, more realistic, beginning to utilize the cinematic angles and shadow-play that characterized his more mature work of just a few short years later.

Let the fun begin! n

MILTON CANIFF'S DICKIE DARE

IN

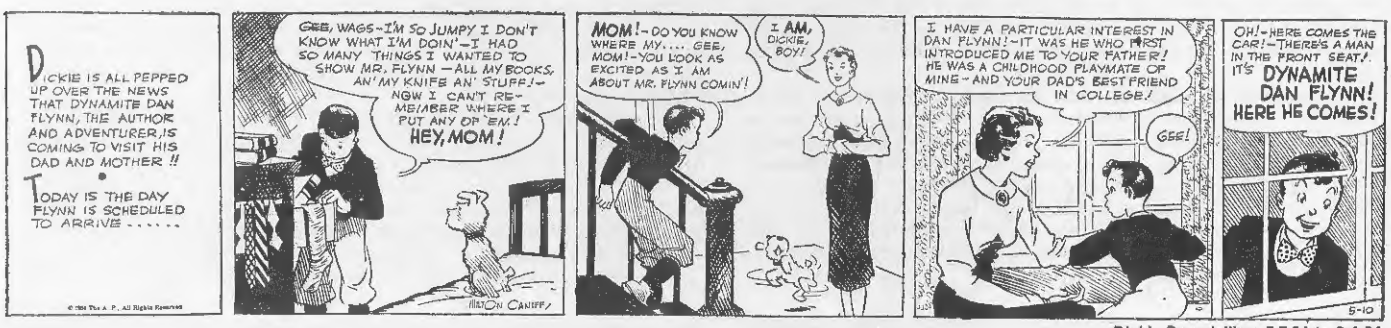
THE DESERT PIRATES OF ALGIERS


GOOD EVENING, DICKIE! I'M SORRY I HAD TO CLOSE THE LIBRARY WHILE YOU WERE IN THE MIDST OF A GOOD STORY!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MA'M!-I WAS JUST GONNA GO ANYWAY!
GEE, WAGS!-IT'S TOUGH WHEN EVEN TH' LIBRARY LADY CHASES YOU OUT JUST AS YOU'RE STARTIN TO HAVE FUN!
CAPTAIN KIDD WAS A TOUGH OL' SALT- BUT I COULDA LICKED HIM IF TH' LIBRARY HADN'T CLOSED UP ON ME!
NOBODY SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO PAL AROUND WITH GUYS IN HISTORY-THOUGH I GOTTA ADMIT-IT'S AWFUL NICE TO COME HOME EVERY TIME TO A WARM HOUSE AN'A GOOD MEAL!
5-7

All strips from collection of Peter Maresco

H'LLO, MOM!
WHY, DICKIE! -WHAT'S THE MATTER?- WHY SO DEPRESSED?
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, DICKIE BOY?
AW, I DUNNO, MOM!- I READ THESE SWELL STORIES-AN' GET SUCH A THRILL OUTA THINKIN' I'M PART OF 'EM-THEN -BLOOIE!- I'M NOT!
I KNOW, HONEY-IT'S A TERRIBLE BUMP!- BUT, SPEAKING OF STORIES! -DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR DAD TELLING US ABOUT HIS FRIEND DAN FLYNN, THE AUTHOR OF MODERN ADVENTURE TALES?
OH BOY! DO I ?!!
WELL, THIS MAN FLYNN, WHO IS AS SWASHBUCKLING A FELLOW AS ANY OF YOUR STORY BOOK FRIENDS, IS COMING TO VISIT US!
1-8

GEE, DAD! MOM SAYS DAN FLYNN, THE ADVENTURE WRITER IS COMIN' TO SEE US!-IS THAT RIGHT?
YES, DICKIE! -HE'S COMING THIS WEEK!- YOU SHOULD ENJOY MEETING HIM!
DAN FLYNN IS A GLAMOROUS FIGURE!-HE WAS MY ROOM MATE IN COLLEGE- AND A CRACK FULL BACK!-WE CALLED HIM "DYNAMITE DAN" BECAUSE OF THE WAY HE COULD BLAST OPEN A SCRIMMAGE LINE. HE LEFT SCHOOL AND JOINED THE MARINES DURING THE WAR.
..AFTER THE ARMISTICE HE STARTED VAGABONDING AROUND THE WORLD WRITING STORIES OF HIS ADVENTURES. -HIS WORK CAUGHT ON AND SINCE THEN HE HAS SPENT HIS TIME TRAVELING AND WRITING!
JIMMINY!- A REAL, LIVE AUTHOR! BOY!- I CAN'T WAIT! I'LL ASK HIM SO MANY QUESTIONS - HE COULD BRING A STENOGRAPHER TO TAKE DOWN THE ANSWERS AN' HAVE A WHOLE NEW BOOK!!
5-9


DICKIE IS ALL PEPPED UP OVER THE NEWS THAT DYNAMITE DAN FLYNN, THE AUTHOR AND ADVENTURER, IS COMING TO VISIT HIS DAD AND MOTHER !!
TODAY IS THE DAY FLYNN IS SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE.....
GEE, WAGS-I'M SO JUMPY I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOIN'-I HAD SO MANY THINGS I WANTED TO SHOW MR. FLYNN -ALL MY BOOKS, AN' MY KNIFE AN' STUFF!- NOW I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE I PUT ANY OF 'EM! HEY, MOM!
MOM!- DO YOU KNOW WHERE MY.... GEE, MOM!-YOU LOOK AS EXCITED AS I AM ABOUT MR. FLYNN COMIN'!
I AM, DICKIE, BOY!
I HAVE A PARTICULAR INTEREST IN DAN FLYNN!-IT WAS HE WHO FIRST INTRODUCED ME TO YOUR FATHER! HE WAS A CHILDHOOD PLAYMATE OF MINE- AND YOUR DAD'S BEST FRIEND IN COLLEGE!
GEE!
OH!-HERE COMES THE CAR!-THERE'S A MAN IN THE FRONT SEAT.! IT'S DYNAMITE DAN FLYNN! HERE HE COMES!
5-10

Dickie Dare dailies: 5-7-34 to 9-4-34

IT'S DYNAMITE DAN FLYNN! -HE'S HERE! -GEE, MOM, WHAT'LL I SAY TO HIM?
YOUR DAD WILL INTRODUCE YOU! -RUN AND MEET THEM!
WHOOPEE! LET'S GO, POOCH!
HI, DICKIE! -THIS IS DYNAMITE DAN FLYNN!
5-11

MY LITTLE PAL, VIRGINIA! -JUST AS BEAUTIFUL AS EVER! -IT SEEMS THAT ALL THESE YEARS I'VE BEEN MARKING TIME WAITING TO SEE YOU PEOPLE AGAIN!
SAME OLD DAN-BLARNEY AND ALL!
..AND THIS IS DICKIE! -YOU'RE A STURDY LOOKIN' LAD! -I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED VIRGINIA AND DICK DARE WOULD HAVE A SON LIKE YOU! -WHAT'S YOUR AMBITION, STOUT FELLAH?
THAT'S EASY, MISTER FLYNN!
I'M DAN -TO YOU!
OKAY, DAN! -I WANT TO TRAVEL AND WRITE LIKE YOU! -BOY! -THAT'S TH' LIFE FOR ME!
YOU'D LIKE THAT? -YOU SEEM TO BE A PLENTY SMART LAD, TOO! -THAT GIVES ME A HUNCH...
DYNAMITE DAN HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE- AND IT SEEMS TO CONCERN DICKIE— !
DICKIE IS BURNING WITH CURIOSITY- BUT HE IS AFRAID TO SPEAK OUT OF TURN....
5-12

DICKIE'S NEW FRIEND, DYNAMITE DAN FLYNN, THE ADVENTURER AND AUTHOR, SEEMS TO HAVE A PLAN WHICH CONCERNS DICKIE ——
TODAY, DAN IS GOING OUT ON SOME PRIVATE BUSINESS....
NOT FOR LONG, STOUT FELLAH!
AW! -YOU'RE LEAVIN', DAN! -I WANTED TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!
GEE, MOM! -DAN WENT AWAY JUST AS I WAS GETTIN' WARMED UP!
YOU CAN'T MONOPOLIZE ALL HIS TIME, DICKIE— HE'S GETTING READY TO LEAVE ON A NEW VOYAGE!
WHILE DICKIE WAITS AT HOME, DAN HAS BEEN TALKING TO THE PRINCIPAL OF DICKIE'S SCHOOL
I THINK THIS IS A SPLENDID IDEA OF YOURS, MR. FLYNN— I'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS AT SCHOOL!
THANK YOU, SIR!
5-14
WHATEVER DAN ASKED THE PRINCIPAL, HE SEEMS PLEASED WITH THE ANSWER!

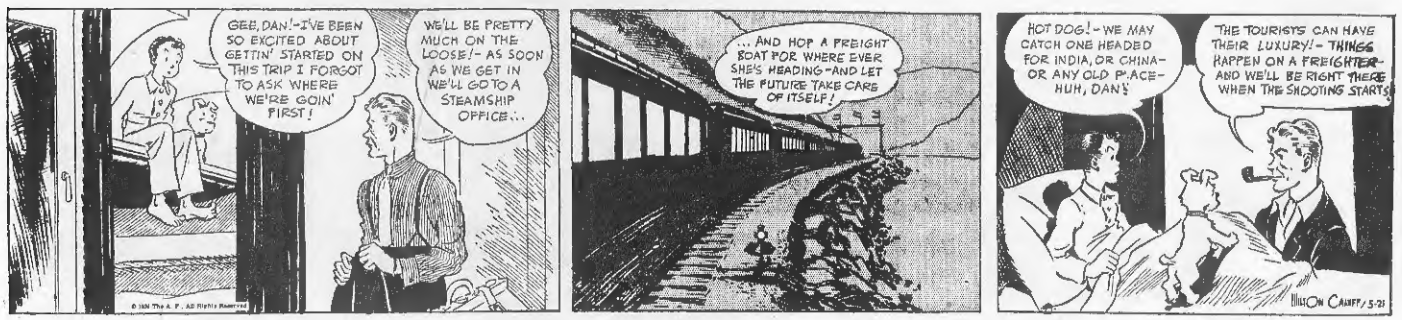
PARDON MY MAKING MYSELF SO MUCH AT HOME! -I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT!
COME RIGHT IN, DAN? -WE DIDN'T WAIT DINNER ON YOU — WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
HI, DAN!
DICKIE, WOULD YOU MIND GOING IN THE OTHER ROOM FOR A MINUTE? — I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOUR MOTHER AND DAD!
YOU WAIT IN THE LIVING ROOM, SON! -WE'LL CALL YOU WHEN WE'VE FINISHED TALKING.
YES, SIR!
GEE, WAGS! -THAT'S TH' WAY IT ALWAYS IS — JUST WHEN SOMETHIN' IMPORTANT COMES UP THEY CHASE US KIDS OUT OF THE ROOM! I WONDER IF THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT US? -I GOTTA HUNCH THEY ARE!
5-15

DICKIE HAS HAD THE JITTERS EVER SINCE DYNAMITE DAN FLYNN BECAME INTERESTED IN HIM — FLYNN HAS NOT SHARED HIS PLANS WITH ANYONE.....
NOW DICKIE AND HIS DOG ARE IN THE LIVING ROOM WHILE DAN AND MR. AND MRS. DARE ARE DISCUSSING SOMETHING IN THE DINING ROOM.....
IF THEY DON'T LET ME IN ON THIS BIG SECRET PRETTY SOON I'M GOIN' LOONEY! — GOSH! -A FELLAH'S GOT TO KNOW WHAT'S DOIN' OR HE AIN'T IN TH' SWIM!
DICKIE! YOU MAY COME IN, NOW!
GEE, MOM! -WHAT IS IT? — TELL ME, BEFORE I START RUNNIN' AROUND IN CIRCLES!
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY! THE CITIZEN BEFORE YOU IS MR. DICKIE DARE! -YOU MAY GIVE HIM YOUR VERDICT - AND HE WILL ACT ACCORDINGLY!
5-16

TURN AROUND AND FACE THE JURY, DICKIE. - DAN FLYNN HAS SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU!
YES'M!
DICKIE, ME LAD! - I'LL BE LEAVING HERE IN A DAY OR SO TO BE GONE FOR A LONG TIME! - BEFORE I GO I WAN'T TO DO A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU, BECAUSE I THINK YOU'RE A SWELL KID...
..I DECIDED A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO WHAT TO DO - YOUR SCHOOL PRINCIPAL AGREED IT WAS A GOOD IDEA - AND NOW YOUR MOTHER AND DAD HAVE COME OVER TO MY SIDE..
..SO FINALLY I AM FREE TO TELL YOU WHAT IT IS! — I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME ON A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD!!!
DICKIE TRIES TO ANSWER - BUT NO WORDS COME OUT. FOR ONCE HE IS SPEECHLESS

YIPPEE! I'M GOIN' AROUND TH' WORLD WITH DYNAMITE DAN!
HOO-RAY!
OH JIMMINY! - HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT YOU COMIN' ALONG! - GOSH! - I COULDN'T GO ANY PLACE WITHOUT MY POOCH!
PLEASE, DAN — I DON'T WANTA BE A PAIN IN TH' NECK - BUT CAN I TAKE MY DOG WITH ME?
IT WOULD TAKE A GUY WITH A CAST IRON HEART TO RESIST THAT LOOK! - SURE THE MUTT CAN GO!

GOOD BYE, DICKIE BOY! - YOU'RE GOING ON A GREAT ADVENTURE! - TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AND BE A GOOD BOY!
AW - DON'T WORRY, MOM - I'LL BE OKAY WITH DYNAMITE DAN!
I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, DAN, THAT WE EXPECT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF THE LAD!
TRUST ME, DICK! - YOU KNOW I'D NEVER LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THE YOUNGSTER!
TRACK
SO LONG, MOTHER AN' DAD! - I'LL WRITE FROM EVERY PLACE WE GO!
WE'RE OFF, DICKIE ME LAD! - ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN - AND IT PROBABLY WILL!
YES BOY! - THEY CAN BRING ON THEIR ADVENTURE IN BIG CHUNKS! - OL' MAN DARE IS RARIN' TO GO!


GEE, DAN! - I'VE BEEN SO EXCITED ABOUT GETTIN' STARTED ON THIS TRIP I FORGOT TO ASK WHERE WE'RE GOIN' FIRST!
WE'LL BE PRETTY MUCH ON THE LOOSE! - AS SOON AS WE GET IN WE'LL GO TO A STEAMSHIP OFFICE..
... AND HOP A FREIGHT BOAT FOR WHERE EVER SHE'S HEADING - AND LET THE FUTURE TAKE CARE OF ITSELF!
HOT DOG! - WE MAY CATCH ONE HEADED FOR INDIA, OR CHINA - OR ANY OLD PLACE - HUH, DAN'S
THE TOURISTS CAN HAVE THEIR LUXURY! - THINGS HAPPEN ON A FREIGHTER - AND WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTS

WAGGS, OL' PAL - WE'RE ALMOST INTO NEW YORK! - WE GOTTA ACT PLENTY SMART WHEN WE STEP OUT WITH DYNAMITE DAN - SO'S HIS FRIENDS WON'T THINK WE'RE A COUPLA DUMB BUNNIES!..
..PRACTICE UP YOUR BEST BIG TOWN GROWL TO USE ON THESE CITY DOGS!
ALL HANDS ON DECK, STOUT FELLAH! - WE'RE PULLIN' INTO THE STATION! - GET YOUR STUFF TOGETHER!
ALL SET, BOSS! - HAVE YO'SEF A GOOD TIME!
YOU SAID IT! - HERE YOU ARE, PORTER! - KEEP THE CHANGE! - IT'S MY TREAT!
GEE, DAN! - I'LL BET WE COULD HAVE A BIG TIME RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK!
WE'LL SAVE THAT FOR LATER. - JUST NOW WE'RE GOIN' WHERE YOU CAN WEAR YOUR COLLAR OPEN AND PUT YOUR DIGNITY IN DEAD STORAGE!

DON'T LET THE TALL BUILDINGS GET YOU, DICKIE!- WE'LL BOOK OUR PASSAGE HERE AND SOON BE ON OUR WAY!
HI, THERE, MR. LEYSHON!- MY PAL AND I WANT BERTHS ON ONE OF YOUR MOST LUXURIOUS FREIGHTERS, SAILING FOR PARTS UNKNOWN!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T DAN FLYNN, THE OL' FIGHTING IRISHMAN HIMSELF!- COME IN, BIG FELLOW!- I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!
I KNOW THE SORT OF THING YOU WANT!- WE HAVE A STEAMER SAILING RIGHT AWAY FOR A MEDITERRANEAN VOYAGE WITH A CARGO OF MINING MACHINERY ABOARD! MISTER TURPIN, THE ACTING CAPTAIN, IS RIGHT HERE-
I WANT YOU CHAPS TO MEET HIM!
WILTON CANIFF
5-23

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS ACTING CAPTAIN TURPIN - SKIPPER OF THE S.S. URSULA! -TURPIN, MEET DAN FLYNN AND DICKIE DARE! -THEY'RE SAILING WITH YOU!
H'LLO!
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SKIPPER!
HOW ARE YOU, GENTS?
THE URSULA SAILS AT MIDNIGHT ON THE DOT!- YOU MEN BE ON BOARD IN PLENTY OF TIME -SHE'S A FREIGHTER- NOT A PLEASURE BOAT!
DON'T MIND TURPIN IF HE SEEMS RATHER GRUFF -THIS IS HIS FIRST TRIP AS ACTING CAPTAIN!- HE HAS A LOT ON HIS MIND!
FORGET IT!- MY BANK WILL ARRANGE FOR OUR PASSAGE MONEY!- SO LONG!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, DICKIE?- YOU LOOK PUZZLED!
I CAN'T GET THAT GUY TURPIN OUTA MY MIND, DAN! -I DON'T LIKE HIS FACE!
WILTON CANIFF
5-24

COME ON, WAGS! -YOU KNOW WHAT CAPTAIN TURPIN SAID!- IF WE'RE NOT ABOARD THEY SAIL WITHOUT US!
JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT DICKIE AND DAN FLYNN GO ABOARD THE S.S. URSULA! -THE TRIP HAS BEGUN!!!
WELL STRIKE ME PINK!- IF IT AYEN'T ME OLD SHIPMYTE, DANIEL FLYNN! -THE LAWST TIME I SEEN YOU WE WAS CHYSIN' TH' BLOOMIN' PAHRITS OFF TH' CHINA COAST!- WHAT TRICK O' FYTE BRINGS YOU AN' YER YOUNG FRIEND ABOARD THIS YERE SCOW?
ALGY SPARROW!! -I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HERE! -WE'RE SAILING AS PASSENGERS ON YOUR PALATIAL VESSEL!- WHERE DO WE BUNK?
DICKIE, THIS IS ALGERNON SPARROW, AN OLD BUDDIE OF MINE!- ALGY, MEET MY SIDE-KICK, DICKIE DARE!
WHAT'S YOUR JOB ON THE URSULA, ALGY?
AHM GLAD YOU'RE HERE, GUV'NOR!- LET'S SYVE FORMALITIES FOR LYTER! - I GOT A BIT O' STARTLIN' NEWS FOR YOU! COME AFT!
H'LLO, MR. SPARROW!
WILTON CANIFF
5-25

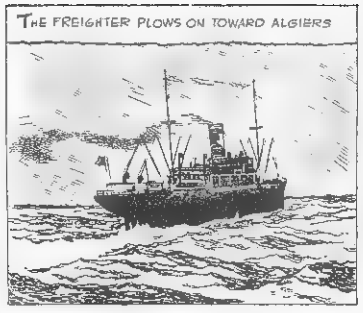
MR. SPARROW, WHAT'S THIS BIG NEWS YOU HAVE TO TELL US? -YOU'VE GOT ME ALL OVER GOOSE PIMPLES! - IS ANYTHING WRONG?
IT'S ABOUT THIS BLOOMIN' TUB WE'RE SAILIN' ON! -WHEN WE'RE SNUG IN YER CABIN I'LL SPRING IT!
WILTON CANIFF
GOT IT, BABY FACE? -THE OWNERS HAVE BOOKED THESE PASSENGERS FOR THIS TRIP - SO I'M STUCK WITH 'EM - BUT THEY MUSTN'T GET WISE! - YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN TH' TIME COMES!
SURE- I GET IT!
ALL RIGHT, ALGY - WE'RE SAFE FROM EAVES-DROPPERS!- WHAT'S THIS BIG NEWS YOU'RE JUST BURSTING TO TELL US? -LET'S HAVE THE WORST!
AS ALGY UNFOLDS HIS YARN, THE URSULA NOSES OUT INTO THE RIVER AND HEADS FOR THE OPEN SEA...

DICKIE AND DAN' FLYNN, OUTWARD BOUND ON THE TRAMP STEAMER "URSULA", MEET AN OLD FRIEND OF DAN'S - ONE ALGY SPARROW, A STEWARD...
ALGY THINKS THERE IS SOME-STRANGE ABOUT THE SHIP AND ITS CREW...
AHM NOT TRYIN' TO MYKE YAH THINK THIS YERE'S A BLOOMIN' MYST'RY SHIP, GUV'NOR - BUT ALL AYENT AS IT SHOULD BE! - ON OUR RETURN TRIP LAWST MONTH FROM ALGIERS TH' CAPTAIN MET WITH AN ACCIDENT! - 'E WAS PUT ASHORE WHEN WE REACHED PORT - AN' TURPIN, TH' MYTE, WAS GIVEN COMMAND - AH'VE ME REASONS FOR THINKIN' THIS TURPIN' IS UP T' SOME DEVILMENT - AN' THAT YOU MIGHT BE IN'IS W'Y! BE ON YER GUARD!
WILTON CANIFF
THANKS FOR TH' TIP, ALGY - WE'LL KEEP OUR EYES OPEN - IN CASE ANYTHING POPS!
JUS' RING IF YAH WANTS A BIT O' SERVICE!
5-28
D'YA THINK THERE'LL BE ANY TROUBLE, DAN?
I DON'T KNOW, STOUT FELLAH - BUT I'M GONNA HAVE MY LITTLE FRIEND BETSY HANDY - JUST IN CASE...!

GOODNIGHT, STOUT FELLAH! -I'LL HAVE LITTLE BETSY UNDER MY PILLOW IF ANYONE WANTS TO ARGUE WITH US!
OKAY, DAN! G'NIGHT!
JUST BEFORE DAWN THE URSULA'S ENGINES STOP- A SMALL VESSEL DRAWS ALONGSIDE AND STARTS UNLOADING A CARGO
AT THE SAME TIME A SAILOR LOCKS THE BOYS' CABIN FROM THE OUTSIDE....!
HEY!-TH' BOAT'S STOPPED! -DAN!... DAN! - MY GOLLY! DAN'S GONE!
MIGOSH, WAGS! -TH' BOAT'S STOPPED IN MID-OCEAN! DAN'S GONE! AN' WE'RE LOCKED IN!!
THIS IS GETTIN' WORSE AN' WORSE! - WE BETTER GRAB DAN'S GUN! ~~ OH, GEE! THAT'S GONE TOO!
SUDDENLY! ~~ A KEY TURNS IN THE LOCK-AND THE CABIN DOOR STARTS TO OPEN
DICKIE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ASLEEP
GEE! ~ IT'S DAN! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? - WHY WAS THE DOOR LOCKED? - WHAT'S GOIN' ON, ANYWAY?
I COULDN'T SLEEP-SO I WENT OUT TO GET A BREATH OF AIR ~ OUT OF NOWHERE A BOAT DREW ALONGSIDE ~ WE STOPPED, AND THEY BEGAN LOADING SOMETHING ABOARD FROM THE OTHER VESSEL-- A SAILOR CAME ALONG JUST THEN, AND I DUCKED INTO A SHADOW! -HE LOCKED OUR DOOR -AND WENT AWAY!..
THIS CAPTAIN TURPIN IS TAKING SOME CONTRABAND STUFF ALONG AND DOESN'T WANT US TO KNOW ABOUT IT! -I GUESS IT'S NONE OF OUR BUSINESS -BUT I'D SURE LIKE TO FIND OUT!
DICKIE, WE CAN'T LET THIS CAPTAIN TURPIN KNOW THAT WE'RE WISE TO HIS GAME - IF WE GO ON AS IF NOTHING HAS HAPPENED WE MAY STUMBLE ON TO HIS CONTRABAND CARGO!
OKAY, DYNAMITE! I'LL PLAY DEAD!
COME AN' GIT IT, ME LADS!-YER BLOOMIN' BREAKFAST IS STEAMIN' HOT - AN' WAITIN' IN TH' AFT CABIN!
WHAT A DAY, EH, DICKIE?-I FEEL LIKE DOIN' A SAILOR'S HORNPIPE!
WHY DON'T YOU, HANDSOME?- WE NEED SOME ENTERTAINMENT ON THIS MISERABLE SCOW!
MY GOSH! - IT'S A GIRL!
DARNED IF IT ISN'T!
GENTLEMEN, - IT'S AMAZING THE WAY YOU FIGURE THINGS OUT!
YOU TWO ARE THE ONLY DECENT LOOKING PEOPLE ON THIS BOAT!- SO I'M GLAD TO MEET YOU! -- MY NAME IS KIM SHERIDAN -AND YOURS?
I'M DICKIE, DARE!
DAN FLYNN! IS MY NAME! -SAY-HAVEN'T I SEEN YOUR PICTURE IN THE PAPERS!
IN THE SOCIETY PAGES, PROBABLY!- I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A SWEET LITTLE DEBUTANTE - BUT THE SOCIAL WHIRL MADE ME DIZZY!- SO I JUMPED OFF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND- I LIKE THE SEA- SO I BOOKED A PASSAGE ON THIS FREIGHTER! -THAT'S MY STORY, BOYS! - NOW!- LET'S GET SOME BREAKFAST!
S.S. URSULA

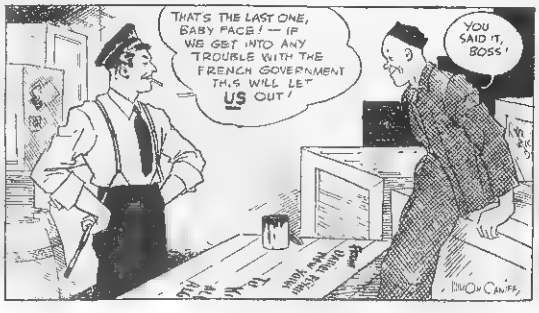
DICKIE AND DYNAMITE DAN FLYNN, AT SEA ON THE S S URSULA, DISCOVER THAT THE SHIP IS CARRYING SOME SORT OF CONTRABAND CARGO!! THEY DECIDE TO BIDE THEIR TIME - HOPING TO STUMBLE ON THE SOLUTION

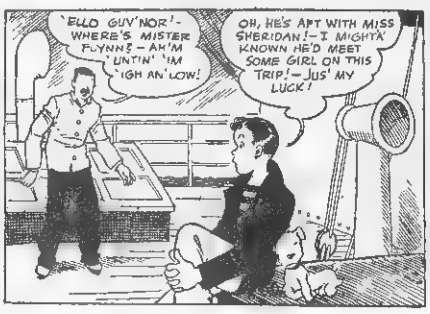
IN THE MEANT ME, THEY MEET **KIM SHERIDAN**, ALSO A PASSENGER ON THE URSULA.....



GEE, MISS SHERIDAN WUZN'T YOU SCARED TO COME ON THIS TRIP ALONE? - AN' THING'S LIABLE TO HAPPEN ON A BOAT LIKE THIS!
THAT'S WHY I CAME, DICKIE - THE MORE ACTION - THE MERRIER! - I'M FED UP WITH TEAS AND SHOPPING - I WANT TO GET IN ON SOME OF THE FUN!

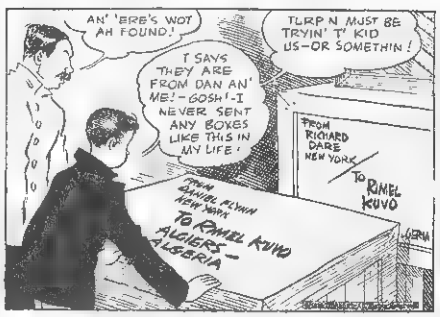
SKIPPER I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT STUFF IN TH HOLD. THEM THREE PASSENGERS AIN'T RIGHT
NOT SO LOUD, BABY FACE! COME BELOW I THINK I KNOW HOW TO KEEP THEM SHUT UP!




'ELLO GUV'NOR! - WHERE'S MISTER FLYNN? - AH'M 'UNTIN' 'IM 'IGH AN' LOW!
OH, HE'S APT WITH MISS SHERIDAN! - I MIGHT'A' KNOWN HE'D MEET SOME GIRL ON THIS TRIP! - JUS' MY LUCK!

STOW IT, GUV'NOR! AH JUS' RUN ACROSS SOMETH'N' THAT'LL WRINKLE YER BROW - AN' NO MISTAKE! - THERE'S A PLOT AGAINST YOU AN' MISTER FLYNN! - COME BELOW AN' AH'LL SHOW YOU TH' H'EVIDENCE - PLYNE AS DYE!
GEE!

LOOK, BABY FACE!! - ALGY SPARROW IS TALKING TO THAT KID - AND THEY'RE BOTH STARTING TOWARD THE HOLD! - WE'VE GOT TO HEAD THEM OFF - OR WE'RE LICKED! - COME ON!!

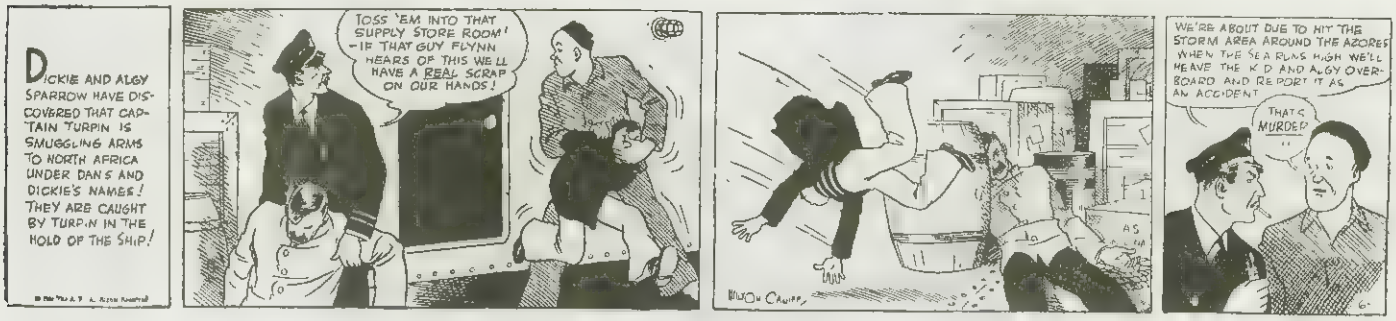

AN' 'ERE'S WOT AH FOUND!
I SAYS THEY ARE FROM DAN AN' ME! - GOSH! - I NEVER SENT ANY BOXES LIKE THIS IN MY LIFE!
TURP'N MUST BE TRYIN' T' KID US - OR SOMETHIN!
FROM RICHARD DARE NEW YORK TO RIMEL KUVO
FROM CAPTAIN FLYNN NEW YORK TO RIMEL KUVO ALGIERS - ALGERIA

AS LONG AS I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE SENT 'EM I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT'S INSIDE! - GUESS I GOTTA RIGHT TO KNOW!
FROM RICHARD DARE NEW YORK TO

RIFLES! - AN' GUNS! - AN' MACHINE GUNS! - AN' AMMUNITION! - ALL IN BOXES WITH MY NAME AN' ADDRESS ON 'EM! - GOSH, ALGY! - WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
BLIGH'ME, GUV NOR! - IT'S GOT ME STUMPED!

'OLD ON! - AH REMEMBER READIN' IN TH' NEWSPYPERS ABOUT AN UP-RISIN' AMONGST TH' TRIBES IN NORTH AFRICA! - I'D LAY YOU ODDS THAT THESE 'ERE GUNS IS BEIN' SMUGGLED T' THEM SAVAGES - WITH YOUR NYMES ON TH' BOX - SO'S YOU'LL BE GUILTY IN CAYSE TH' SHIP IS SEARCHED ANY-WHERE!
I'LL BET YOU'RE RIGHT!

I'VE THOUGHT ALL ALONG YOU WUZ A CROOK, TURPIN — HOW COME YOU PUT DAN'S NAME AN MINE ON THESE CRATES O' GUNS AN' STUFF — TRYIN T' PASS TH' BUCK TO US?
'E'S RAHGHT, SKIPPER!
AH KNOW'S IT AIN'T ME PLYCE T' PUT IN AN OAR - BUT IF YOU WANTS T' SMUGGLE ARMS T' THEM THERE ARABS WHY TRY T' PUT TH' BLYME ON INNOCENT FOLKS?
GRAB THE KID! DON'T LET 'IM YBLL!
HELP! DAN! HELP —!


DICKIE AND ALGY SPARROW HAVE DISCOVERED THAT CAPTAIN TURPIN IS SMUGGLING ARMS TO NORTH AFRICA UNDER DAN'S AND DICKIE'S NAMES! THEY ARE CAUGHT BY TURPIN IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP!
TOSS 'EM INTO THAT SUPPLY STORE ROOM! - IF THAT GUY FLYNN HEARS OF THIS WE'LL HAVE A REAL SCRAP ON OUR HANDS!
WE'RE ABOUT DUE TO HIT THE STORM AREA AROUND THE AZORES WHEN THE SEA RUNS HIGH WE'LL HEAVE THE KID AND ALGY OVERBOARD AND REPORT IT AS AN ACCIDENT
THAT'S MURDER!

LOCKED IN A STORE ROOM IN THE HOLD BY TURPIN, DICKIE TRIES TO ROUSE ALGY!
MR SPARROW! WAKE UP! WE'RE IN A BAD SPOT!
WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE BEFORE TURPIN GETS BACK — OR WE'RE SUNK!
TH' BAROMETER'S FALLIN', SKIPPER! - AN TH' SEAS RUNNIN HIGH!
WE'LL WAIT TILL IT'S GOOD AND DARK — THEN TIE THOSE TWO AND DROP 'EM OVER! - THEN NOBODY WILL KNOW ABOUT THAT STUFF BELOW!
MEANWHILE, ON THE STERN OF THE URSULA.
LET'S STAY OUT AWHILE LONGER DAN! - I LIKE THE ROAR OF THAT WIND!
DURING THE SCUFFLE, WAGS WAS NOT LOCKED IN WITH DICKIE - NOW HE WITNESS AT THE DOOR

EVERYTHING'S AKE! FLYNN AN TH' CREW ARE AFT - THEY HAVEN'T MISSED TH' KID!
GOOD! — GET A COIL OF ROPE! — WE'LL GO BELOW AND TIE ALGY AND THE BOY BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO SQUAWK!
I'M GLAD YOU CHAPS WERE ON BOARD, DAN! — IT WOULD BE A PRETTY DULL VOYAGE WITHOUT YOU — AND DICKIE, OF COURSE!
IT'S MIGHTY SWELL OF YOU TO SAY THAT, KIM! — AND IT WORKS BOTH WAYS! SPEAKING OF DICK B — I WONDER WHERE HE IS?
SEEMING TO REALIZE DICKIES DANGER — WAGS SKIDS ALONG THE SLIPPERY DECK! — HE SEES DAN AND BREAKS INTO A RUN!

FRANTICALLY THE LITTLE DOG TUGS AT DYNAMITE DANS TROUSER LEG TO GET HIS ATTENTION!
LOOK WHO'S HERE! - WHAT'S THE MATTER, PUP? - GOT THE JITTERS - OR SOMETHING? WHY SO JUMPY?!
HE DOES SEEM EXCITED!
DAN! MAYBE SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED DIKE AND ALGY IN TRY NO TO TELL US
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT! LEAD THE WAY PUP!

WAIT, WAGS!- DON'T GET AWAY FROM US!- WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD BRING DICKIE DOWN IN THIS HOLD?
HE MUST BE INSIDE THAT ROOM OR THE DOG WOULDN'T SCRATCH AT THE DOOR!
DICKIE! OPEN UP! -IT'S DAN!- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WE'RE LOCKED IN! TURPIN KNOCKED ALGY OUT AN' THREW US IN HERE!- GET US OUT, DAN!- WE'RE IN A WHALE OF A JAM!
ON DECK, TURPIN AND BABY FACE PREPARE TO GO BELOW
RAIN!-THAT'S FINE!-COME ON WE'LL FIX 'EM GOOD!

WAKE UP, MR. SPARROW! DAN'S OUTS DE -HE'LL GET US OUT OF THIS MESS!
AH'M ALL RAIGHT, GUV'NOR!- IT'LL TYKE MOIE'N A POP ON TH' CHIN T' KEEP ME IN DRY DOCK!
WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT, DAN? -WHY WOULD CAPTAIN TURPIN MAKE PRISONERS OF DICKIE AND ALGY?
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! -JUST NOW I'M GOING TO TRY A LITTLE OLD TIME LINE PLUNGING!

DICKIE AND ALGY SPARROW WERE LOCKED IN A STORE ROOM OF THE URSULA BY CAPTAIN TURPIN BECAUSE THEY KNEW OF CONTRABAND ARMS ON BOARD....

DICKIE'S DOG, WAGS, LEADS DAN FLYNN AND THE GIRL, KIM SHERIDAN, TO THE SPOT AND DAN BREAKS DOWN THE DOOR TO RESCUE HIS FRIENDS ... KIM STANDS OUTSIDE - KEEPING WATCH

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, DICKIE? WHAT'S TURPIN UP TO?
HE'S SMUGGLIN' GUNS AN HE PUT OUR NAMES ON TH' CRATES SO WE'LL BE GUILTY IF THE BOAT IS SEARCHED!- HE'S GOT A PERFECT ALIBI!
FLYNN'S BEATEN US TO IT! -THAT'S THE GIRL OUTSIDE THE STORE ROOM DOOR! - GRAB HER AND WE'LL HOLD HER TILL WE GET RID OF FLYNN AND THE KID!
WHO'S THERE?
TOO FRIGHTENED TO SCREAM, KIM STANDS TRANSFIXED BY THE BEADY EYES OF THE RASCAL, TURPIN..

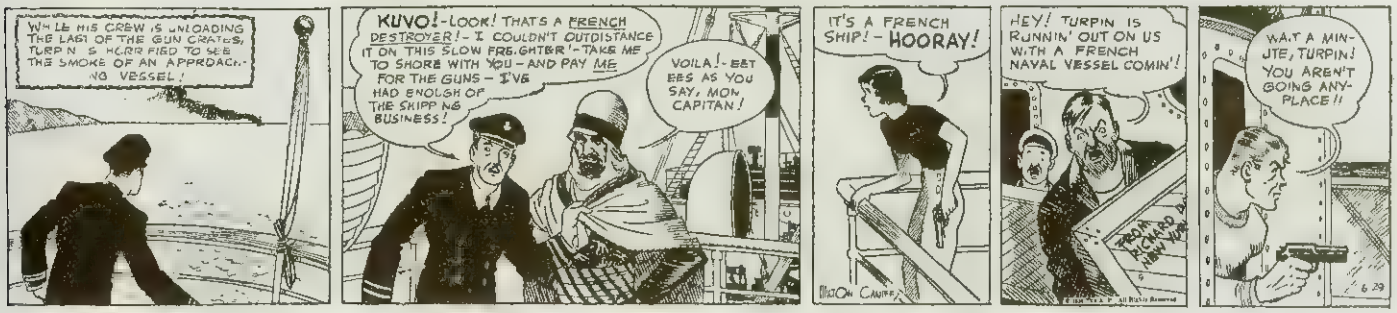
I THOUGHT I HEARD KIM CALL OUT! - I LEFT HER IN THE CORRIDOR - COME ON, BOYS!
MAYBE TURPIN CAME BACK AFTER US!
SHE'S GONE!!
QUICK! SHOW ME WHERE THOSE GUNS ARE STORED!

WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE DICKIE!- IF TURPIN GETS CAUGHT SMUGGLING GUNS HE'LL SWEAR THEY BELONG TO US!- AND HE'S HOLD ME MISS SHER DAN TO KEEP US FROM SQUAWKING!
AN EVEN IF 'E'S NOT CAUGHT 'E'LL TRY T'DO US IN T' KEEP US QUIET!
STAY HERE AND WATCH HER, BABY FACE-!
LET ME GO! YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS WHEN MY FATHER HEARS ABOUT IT! - IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME OR THOSE BOYS IN THE HOLD IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR YOU!
YOU GUYS ARE IN THIS AS DEEPLY AS I AM!- IF THOSE PASSENGERS ESCAPE WE'RE IN FOR IT!- THAT HATCHWAY IS THEIR ONLY WAY OUT OF THE HOLD!- DON'T LET A MAN COME OUT ALIVE!!

ON THE RAIN SWEPT DECK TURPIN AND HIS MEN LIE IN WAIT FOR DICKIE, DAN AND ALGY IMPRISONED IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP
TURPIN PROBABLY MEANS TO KEEP US IN HERE UNTIL THE SHIP PASSES GIBRALTAR! IF WE COULD ONLY GET WORD TO THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES WE COULD BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN GAME! - STAND BACK! - I'LL RATTLE THIS DOOR TO SEE IF THEY'RE GUARDING IT!
GEE, DAN! - THEY'RE LAYIN FOR US! - AN' THAT'S TH ONLY WAY OUT OF HERE!
WE'RE BESIEGED, DICKIE! - AND IF THE BRITISH, FRENCH OR SPANISH SEARCH THIS SHIP - WE'LL BE THE GUILTY PARTIES!
6-21
THROUGH THE RAIN DRENCHED DAWN THE URSULA SLIPS PAST THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR..
WE'LL SOON BE AT THE SPOT WHERE KUVO IS GONNA PICK UP THEM GUNS, SKIPPER!
TAKE IT EASY - WE DON'T WANT TO BUNGLE THE JOB AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME!
STILL IMPRISONED IN THE HOLD, DICKIE, DAN AND ALGY LOOK FOR A MEANS OF ESCAPE...
DON'T LET THOSE GUYS PAST THAT DOOR, DICKIE - WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
..WHILE KIM, ALSO A PRISONER IN HER CABIN, GETS AN IDEA.....
I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER, MR. BABY FACE, AND I BELIEVE I'VE BEEN ON THE WRONG SIDE IN THIS AFFAIR!
HUH?!
6-22
WHEN I CAME ABOARD I DIDN'T DREAM I'D MEET ANYONE AS BIG AND STRONG AS YOU! - I THINK YOU SHOULD BE THE CAPTAIN INSTEAD OF THAT AWFUL TURPIN!
GEE, MISS! DO YAH REALLY THINK SO?
OF COURSE! - WHEN YOU CARRIED ME UP HERE I KNEW YOU WERE THE MASTERFUL SORT! - A MAN WHO WAS BORN TO RULE!
THIS IS THE SPOT! - WE'LL HANG CLOSE TO THE SHORE AT HALF SPEED SO KUVO CAN COME ALONGSIDE TO UNLOAD THE GUNS!
YOU'RE FOOLISH TO LET TURPIN ORDER YOU AROUND THE WAY HE DOES! - WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER HERE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU'D DO IF YOU WERE MASTER OF THIS SHIP?
6-23
AT A PREARRANGED SPOT OFF THE NORTH AFRICAN COAST THE URSULA'S ENGINES STOP - A SQUAT CRAFT APPEARS OUT OF THE MORNING MIST - AND DRAWS NEAR
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BIG BOY? - I TRY TO TELL YOU I THINK YOU'RE SWELL - AND YOU JUST STAND THERE!
GEE, LADY!
DO YAH REALLY LIKE ME AS MUCH AS ALL THAT?
SURE! - SO MUCH - I'M GOING TO PUT YOU OUT OF CIRCULATION! - GET INTO THAT CLOSET PRONTO!
6-25
INTO YOUR DOG HOUSE, ROMEO! - AND DON'T TRY ANY STUNTS, OR I'LL LOSE MY TEMPER AND PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY!
WITH HER CAPTOR SECURELY LOCKED UP, KIM CREEPS ALONG THE DECK TO THE SHIP'S RADIO ROOM..
DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS! - SEND OUT A GENERAL S.O.S TO ALL SHIPS IN THIS VICINITY - AND GIVE OUR LOCATION! - DON'T TRY TO FAKE IT BECAUSE I CAN READ CODE! TELL 'EM WE'RE SINKING FAST! - MAKE IT GOOD, OR YOUR CAREER WILL END HERE AND NOW!
MEANWHILE, DICKIE RELAXES HIS VIGIL AND TURNS FROM THE HOLD DOOR TO SUMMON HIS FRIENDS..
DAN! ALGY! TH BOAT'S STOPPED! THEY'LL BE COMIN' AFTER TH' GUNS!

DICKIE CAUGHT OFF HIS GUARD, IS DRAGGED TO THE DECK BY TURPIN'S HENCHMEN!— DAN AND ALGY, DEEP IN THE HOLD, FAIL TO HEAR HIS MUFFLED CRIES ....
THAT FIBRES TH LITTLE GUY— NOW FOR THE OTHER TWO!
KEEP SENDING THAT S-O-S TILL I TELL YOU TO STOP!
A FRENCH COAST PATROL VESSEL HEARS THE URSULA'S CALL AND STEAMS AT FULL SPEED FOR THE LOCATION GIVEN!!
BUT IN THE MEANTIME
THE STRANGE NATIVE CRAFT MAKES FAST TO THE SIDE OF THE URSULA AND A MAN IN TRIBAL GARB CLIMBS ABOARD.....
WE'VE BROUGHT YOUR GUNS, KUVO, BUT WE'VE HAD TO MUZZLE A BUNCH OF NOSEY PASSENGERS TO DO IT!— LET'S GET 'EM OFF OF HERE BEFORE ANOTHER VESSEL SHOWS UP!
TURPIN'S SMUGGLING PARTY SEEMS DUE FOR AN INTERRUPTION WHEN THE FRENCH VESSEL ARRIVES! — BUT DICKIE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE TRICKY CAPTAIN— AND DAN AND ALGY SEEM TO HAVE BEEN SWALLOWED UP IN THE HOLD OF THE FREIGHTER
6-27

UNAWARE OF DICKIE'S CAPTURE, DAN AND ALGY WORK FURIOUSLY OVER THE CRATES OF GUNS!
THAT'S THE LAST OF 'EM, ALGY! — COME ON!— WE'LL PICK UP DICKIE AND HIDE OUT UNTIL THEY UNLOAD THIS STUFF!— AND WON'T THOSE ARABS HAVE A SURPRISE?
DUCK! THEY'RE OPENING THE BIG HATCHES! — LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
SKIPPER, WE LOOKED IN TH' HOLD FER THEM TWO GUYS— BUT THEY'VE HID SOMEWHERES!
SCARED OUT, I GUESS! OKAY!— HELP KUVO UNLOAD THE GUNS!
IN THE RADIO ROOM KIM WATCHES THE UNLOADING— HELPLESS, EXCEPT TO KEEP THE OPERATOR SENDING OUT AN S-O-S .....

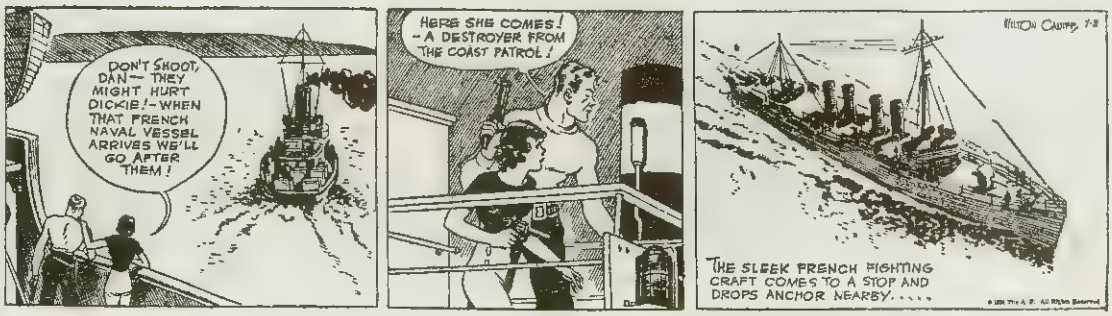

WHILE HIS CREW IS UNLOADING THE LAST OF THE GUN CRATES, TURPIN IS HORRIFIED TO SEE THE SMOKE OF AN APPROACHING VESSEL!
KUVO!— LOOK! THAT'S A FRENCH DESTROYER!— I COULDN'T OUTDISTANCE IT ON THIS SLOW FREIGHTER!— TAKE ME TO SHORE WITH YOU— AND PAY ME FOR THE GUNS— I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE SHIPPING BUSINESS!
VOILA!— BEES AS YOU SAY, MON CAPITAN!
IT'S A FRENCH SHIP!— HOORAY!
HEY! TURPIN IS RUNNIN' OUT ON US WITH A FRENCH NAVAL VESSEL COMIN'!
WAIT A MINUTE, TURPIN! YOU AREN'T GOING ANYPLACE!!
6-29

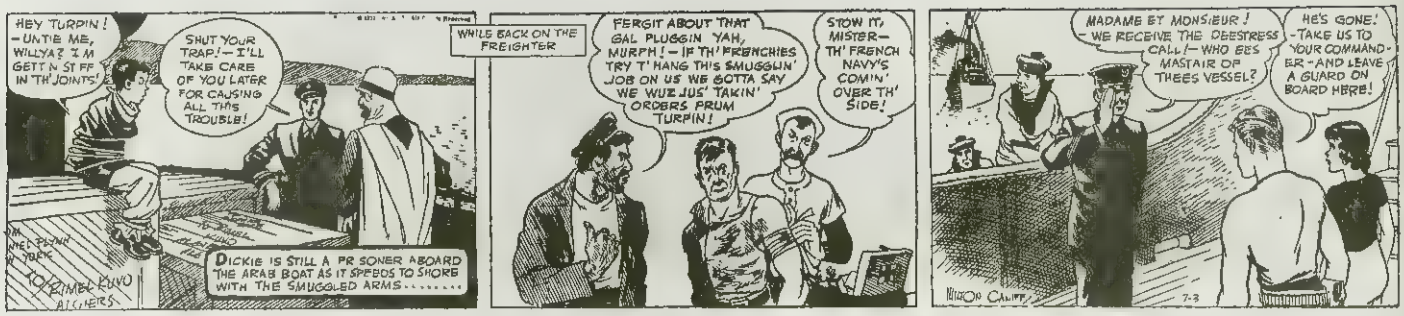
YOU STAY HERE AND EXPLAIN THIS BUSINESS TO THE FRENCH NAVY, TURPIN— OR YOU'RE A DEAD SAILOR!
IF YOU SHOOT YOU'LL HIT THE KID.. !!!
BLAST TH' KID! I'LL GET IH' DOUBLE CROSSIN' RAT IF I HAVE T' KILL BOTH OF 'EM!!
6-30

DICKIE IS CAPTURED!

TURPIN, THE SMUGGLING CAPTAIN OF THE URSULA, CARRIES DICKIE ALONG AS HE JUMPS FROM HIS OWN SHIP TO THE NATIVE VESSEL!

AFRAID TO SHOOT FOR FEAR OF HITTING DICKIE, DAN ALLOWS TURPIN TO GET AWAY — THE ARAB CRAFT HEADS FOR SHORE WITH DICKIE, TURPIN AND THE SMUGGLED GUNS ABOARD..


DON'T SHOOT, DAN— THEY MIGHT HURT DICKIE!— WHEN THAT FRENCH NAVAL VESSEL ARRIVES WE'LL GO AFTER THEM!
HERE SHE COMES! — A DESTROYER FROM THE COAST PATROL!
THE SLEEK FRENCH FIGHTING CRAFT COMES TO A STOP AND DROPS ANCHOR NEARBY.....


HEY TURPIN! – UNTIE ME, WILLYA? I'M GETTIN STIFF IN TH' JOINTS!
SHUT YOUR TRAP! – I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU LATER FOR CAUSING ALL THIS TROUBLE!
DICKIE IS STILL A PRISONER ABOARD THE ARAB BOAT AS IT SPEEDS TO SHORE WITH THE SMUGGLED ARMS.....
WHILE BACK ON THE FREIGHTER
FERGIT ABOUT THAT GAL PLUGGIN YAH, MURPH! – IF TH' FRENCHIES TRY T' HANG THIS SMUGGLIN' JOB ON US WE GOTTA SAY WE WUZ JUS' TAKIN' ORDERS FRUM TURPIN!
STOW IT, MISTER – TH' FRENCH NAVY'S COMIN' OVER TH' SIDE!
MADAME ET MONSIEUR! – WE RECEIVE THE DEESTRESS CALL! – WHO EES MASTAIR OF THEES VESSEL?
HE'S GONE! – TAKE US TO YOUR COMMANDER – AND LEAVE A GUARD ON BOARD HERE!
MILTON CANIFF
7-3

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE FRENCH DESTROYER, DAN AND KIM TELL THE CAPTAIN HOW TURPIN PAINTED DAN'S AND DICKIE'S NAMES ON THE CRATES OF GUNS – AND HOW DICKIE HAS BEEN CARRIED OFF BY THE ARAB CHIEF AND THE GREEDY MASTER OF THE FREIGHTER
SO YOU SEE IT LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE PLANNING AN UPRISING AGAINST YOUR GOVERNMENT – AND THEY HAVE OUR PAL!! – WILL YOU HELP US, SIR?
YOUR PASSPORTS ARE IN ORDAIR – I BELIEVE YOUR STORY, M'SIEU FLYNN – BET EES OBVIOUS WE MUS' ACT AT ONCE!
I WEELL WIRELESS THE NEARES' POST OF THE FOREIGN LEGION! – THEY WEELL MEET YOU ON LAND – WE WEELL TAKE CHARGE OF THE FREIGHT SHEEP!
ON SHORE, DICKIE SITS MOROSELY BY AS KUVO'S TRUCKS RUMBLE OFF INTO THE DESERT WITH THE SMUGGLED GUNS – HE WONDERS WHAT HIS FATE MAY BE.....
MILTON CANIFF
7-4

DO YOU THINK THE FOREIGN LEGION CAN HELP US TRACK DOWN DICKIE, SIR?
DAN AND KIM ARE CARRIED ABOARD THE FREIGHTER
MAIS OUI, M'SIEU! – THEY KNOW THEES COUNTREE LAK A BOOK! – W'EN THEY HEAR THEES KUVO HAS PLAN A REVOLT THEY WEELL BE DOUBLE ANXIOUS TO – AS YOU SAY – 'POOT HEEM ON THE SPOT'!
AS TURPIN AND KUVO PREPARE TO LEAVE FOR THE ARAB'S STRONGHOLD; THEY ARE UNDECIDED WHAT TO DO WITH DICKIE
YOU COME WEETH ME TO MY HUMBLE HOUSE EEN THE DESERT, MON CAPITAN! – I PAY YOU THERE FOR THE GUNS! – BUT THE BOY – WHAT YOU DO WEETH HEEM, EH?
I'LL TAKE HIM ALONG – THEN WE'LL CUT ACROSS THE DESERT TO ALGIERS! – HE'LL BRING A NICE PIECE OF CHANGE IN RANSOM MONEY!
MILTON CANIFF
7-5

DICKIE'S CAPTORS DRIVE FOR HOURS ACROSS THE BLAZING DESERT.. SUDDENLY, THERE APPEARS AN OASIS SHIMMERING IN THE HOT SUN!
DON'T BE SILLY! I'M GOING ALONG! – HERE – CATCH THE PUP!
SO LONG, KIM! – ALGY WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
THINK YOU COULD RUN OUT ON ME – JUST WHEN THE ADVENTURE IS GETTING HOTTEST? – I WANT TO FIND DICKIE AS BADLY AS YOU DO!
OKAY! – YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT
WAITING ON SHORE IS A BAND OF LEAN, BRONZED SOLDIERS IN FRENCH BLUE! – THE FOREIGN LEGION!!
MILTON CANIFF
7-6

THEES EES COLONEL LEDROUX, OF THE FOREIGN LEGION.
MADAME ET MONSIEUR! – I HAVE BEEN INFORM OF THE MEESSION THAT BREENGS YOU HERE! – I WEELL DO MY BES' TO BE OF SERVEECE!
THEES KUVO EES A DANGEROUS MAN! WE LONG SUSPEC' HE PLANS REVOLT – NOW WE KNOW! – COME! – WE GO TO THE BASE AN' PREPARE TO MEEP «EES PLAN EEN THE BUD!
AT KUVO'S DESERT HIDEAWAY, DICKIE TRIES TO PLAN A MEANS OF ESCAPE – BUT HE REALIZES THE FUTILITY OF TRYING TO STRIKE OUT ACROSS THE BLAZING SAND WITHOUT WATER
LET'S GET INSIDE AND SETTLE UP FOR THOSE GUNS, KUVO! – I WANT TO GET GOING! – BY THE WAY – I'LL NEED AN OUTFIT AND A GUIDE!
OF COURSE MON CAPITAN! – BUT FIRST LET US HAVE A LOOK AT THE GUNS!
MILTON CANIFF
7

WHILE DAN AND KIM ARE ORGANIZING A RESCUE PARTY AT THE FOREIGN LEGION POST, DICKIE REMAINS A PRISONER OF TURPIN AND KUVO – DEEP IN THE DESERT
COME ON, KUVO!–HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE GUNS–AND PAY UP! –I WANT TO GET GOING!
PATIENCE, MON CAPITAN!–W'EN KUVO EES SATEESFY–THEN YOU WEELL BE PAID!
ALL RIGHT–ALL RIGHT–BUT STEP ON IT!
DIABLE! WHAT EES THEES?–THE BOLT EES GONE FROM THE GUN!!!
AN' FROM ALL THE GUNS!! EPOUILLER!! YOU THEENK I AM THE FOOL?–YOU SHALL SUFFAIR FOR THEES!!

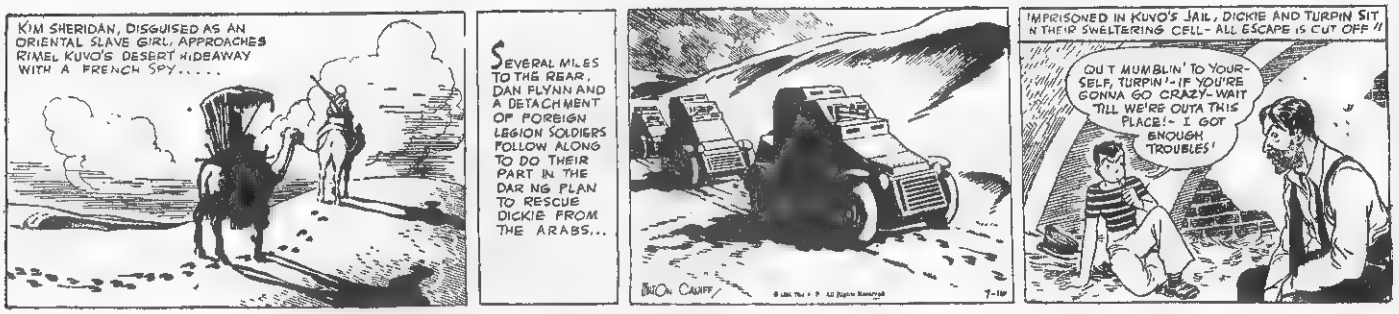
LISTEN, KUVO!–I DIDN'T KNOW THOSE RIFLES HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH–I WOULDN'T HAVE COME OUT HERE IF I HAD–WOULD I?–I'VE BEEN DOUBLE CROSSED!
BAH!–YOU ARE EEN LEAGUE WEETH THE FRENCH!–I SHOW YOU WHAT I DO WEETH SPIES!
I SEE EET NOW!–YOU THEENK I WOULD NOT HARM YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE AN AMERICAN!–SO–I WEELL HOLD YOU–EEP THE FRENCH COME ASKING WHERE EES THEES GUN FOR REVOLT! POOF!–YOU DIE!
SUDDENLY, DICKIE REMEMBERS WHY DAN AND ALGY WERE IN THE HOLD OF THE URSULA FOR SO LONG–THEY WERE REMOVING ALL THE BOLTS FROM KUVO'S GUNS TO GET TURPIN IN JUST SUCH A JAM. HE LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY..
AH-HAH! I ALSO SEE WHY YOU ARE WEETH US–EEP WAN PLAN TO CATCH ME FAILED I SHOULD BE LURED TO THE CEETY TO GET RANSOM FOR YOU!–AN THEN THE NET WOULD TIGHTEN!–BUT NO!–KUVO EES NOT SO STUPEED!

EEP THE FRENCH COME–YOU DIE! MEANWHILE, I OFFAIR YOU THE HOSPEETAL BETY OF MY PREESON!
BUT I TELL YOU I D DN'T WRECK THOSE GUNS, KUVO! YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO ME!–I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
AW! DRY UP, TURPIN!
I'VE LOST MY SHIP AND THE MONEY I WAS GOING TO MAKE RUNNING THOSE GUNS–NOW HE'S GOING TO KILL ME FOR SOMETHING I DIDN'T DO! THOSE FRENCH ARE SURE TO COME!–THEY KNOW WE WERE SMUGGLING FOR KUVO!
AW SIT DOWN, YOU D-M WIT!
LISTEN, YOU BIJBBERIN' BAWL BABY!! WE'RE BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT–AN' IT WAS YOUR DUMBNESS THAT GOT US HERE–THERE'S NO USE SQUAWK N'–KUVO THINKS YOU DOUBLE CROSSED HIM AN YOU CAN'T CHANGE HIS MIND! –WE GOTTA THINK OF A WAY OUT–OR IT'S CURTAINS–SO GET BUSY–OR YOU WON'T NEED TO BOTHER

WHILE DICKIE AND TURPIN LANGUISH IN THE RSTIFLING CELL IN KUVO'S JAIL...
...DAN FLYNN AND KIM SHERIDAN ARE AT THE POST OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION–THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO START AT ONCE INTO THE DESERT TO RESCUE DICKIE–BUT THE COMMANDANT URGES GREAT CAUTION...
..YOU SEE, THEES KUVO EES A POWER AMONG THE TRIBES–EET WOULD BE LIKE SIGNING A DEATH WARRANT FOR YOUR LEETLE FRIEN' TO ATTACK AS I WOULD EEF EET WAIR AN ORDEENAIRY UPRISING OF THE ARABS–SOMETHEENG WE MUS' DO TO TAKE KUVO OFF HEES GUARD!
I HAVE IT!!
..YOU TOLD US BEFORE SIR, THAT THIS KUVO IS VERY PROUD OF HIS HAREM OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN–IF YOUR WIFE HAS SOME COLORFUL MATERIAL, SOME DYE, AN EYE BROW PENCIL AND SOME ADHESIVE TAPE I THINK I HAVE A PLAN TO OUTWIT THE DESERT ROMBO AT HIS OWN GAME–!

I AM GOING TO KUVO'S FORTRESS IN DISGUISE–AND RESCUE DICKIE–IF HE IS INTERESTED IN NEW LADIES FOR HIS HAREM HE'LL FALL FOR THIS SURE! I'LL BE OUT IN A JIFFY!
PREPARING TO DON HER DISGUISE, KIM SHAVES OFF HER EYE BROWS.....
THEN, WITH THE HELP OF THE COMMANDANT'S WIFE, SHE COVERS HER BODY WITH A YELLOW-BROWN DYE.....
A BIT OF ADHESIVE TAPE UNDER HER HAIR TO MAKE HER EYES SLANT–NEW BROWS PAINTED ON–A BIT OF OIL TO SLICK HER HAIR...
AND THE LOVELY KIM COMES FROM THE DRESSING ROOM AS AN ORIENTAL PRINCESS–BUT CAN SHE FOOL KUVO?

REGARDEZ!
SAVE THE EXCLAMATIONS, GENTLEMEN - HERE'S THE IDEA! - SEND ME, WITH SOME NATIVE SPY YOU CAN TRUST, TO KUVO'S PLACE! - I'LL BE AN ORIENTAL GIRL THE SPY HAS BOUGHT AS A SLAVE - THAT'LL CATCH KUVO'S FANCY! HE FALLS FOR ME AND I DO THE REST!
MON DIEU!
LUVVA MIKE!
THIS OLD DRAGOMAN WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU - YOU WON'T HAVE TO TALK BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE CHINESE, OR SOMETHING! - THIS OLD BOY WILL HANDLE THE BUILD UP TO KUVO! - DO YOU HAVE EVERYTHING? ROCKETS AND ALL? OKAY! GOOD LUCK, LADY!
ALL SET!
ACROSS THE DESERT TOWARD KUVO'S FORTRESS, TWO CAMELS PLOW SLOWLY THROUGH THE SAND....
7-14


KIM SHERIDAN, DISGUISED AS AN ORIENTAL SLAVE GIRL, APPROACHES RIMEL KUVO'S DESERT HIDEAWAY WITH A FRENCH SPY.....
SEVERAL MILES TO THE REAR, DAN FLYNN AND A DETACHMENT OF FORBIGN LEGION SOLDIERS FOLLOW ALONG TO DO THEIR PART IN THE DAR NG PLAN TO RESCUE DICKIE FROM THE ARABS...
7-16
IMPRISONED IN KUVO'S JAIL, DICKIE AND TURPIN SIT N THEIR SWELTERING CELL - ALL ESCAPE IS CUT OFF!!
OU T MUMBLIN' TO YOUR-SELF, TURPIN'! - IF YOU'RE GONNA GO CRAZY - WAIT 'TILL WE'RE OUTA THIS PLACE! - I GOT ENOUGH TROUBLES!

AS KIM'S LITTLE CARA-VAN DRAWS NEAR KUVO'S STRONGHOLD IT IS SIGHTED BY AN ARAB SENTRY.....
HE RIDES ALONGSIDE. SHE BREATHES EASIER WHEN HIS STEADY GAZE DOES NOT PENETRATE HER DISGUISE.....
THE FRENCH SPY ASKS IF HE AND HIS SLAVE GIRL MAY HAVE SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT.. THE SENTRY ESCORTS THEM TO KUVO..
HE SPEAKS TO THE CHIEF IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE....
7-17
MOST WORTHY SIRE.. YONDER MERCHANT ASKS THE BOON OF THY HOSPITALITY FOR THE NIGHT! - WITH HIM IS A MOST COMELY MAID!! - WHAT IS THY BIDDING?
A MAID, EH? - MAKE HASTE, FOOL! - BID THEM WELCOME!

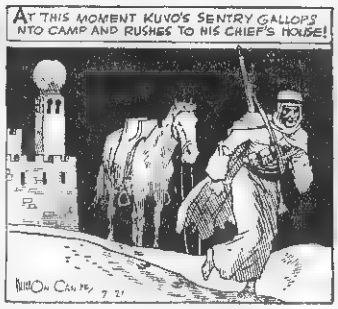
RIMEL KUVO PLAYS DIRECTLY INTO KIM'S HANDS AS HE INV TES HER AND HER ESCORT TO BE HIS GUESTS FOR THE NIGHT—
KIM'S DISGUISE HAS WORKED PERFECTLY SO FAR! - NOW SHE MUST FIND WHAT HAS BECOME OF DICKIE...
THIS, SIRE, IS MY SLAVE GIRL, BOUGHT IN THE EASTERN MARKETS!
WHAT IS THY NAME, LITTLE ONE?
AH, SIRE - SHE IS AN ORIENTAL! - SHE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND NOR SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE - BUT I THINK HER QUITE A PRIZE! - IT IS RUMORED SHE WAS A PRINCESS IN HER NATIVE LAND!
HMM! SO, INDEED!
WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THY HOSPITALITY, SIRE! - MY LITTLE SLAVE CANNOT ENDURE THE COLD DESERT NIGHT!
IT IS NOTHING! - COME! - I WILL SHOW THEE TO THY TENT!
7-18

ON THE WAY TO HER TENT AT KUVO'S CAMP KIM SEES DICKIE AND TURP.N IN THEIR CELL - THEY DO NOT RECOGNIZE HER..
BACK IN THE DESERT DAN FLYNN AND THE SOLDIERS STOP TO RECONNOITER
LET'S GET AFTER THOSE BUZZARDS, COLONEL! - THIS IN-ACTIVITY IS DRIV-ING ME BATTY!
PATIENCE, M'SIEU! - WE MUS' APPEAR UNCERTA N OF OUR WAY IN ORDAIR TO DRAW KUVO FROM MEES LA R! - THEN MEES SHERIDAN CAN WORK FREELY! - EVEN NOW WE ARE PROBABLY BEING WATCHED BY WAN OF KUVO'S OUT-POSTS!
COLONEL LEDROUX IS RIGHT - FROM A NEARBY SAND DUNE AN ARAB WATCHES THEM FOR A TIME - THEN CRAWLS BACK TO HIS HORSE AND RIDES AWAY...
7-19

I THINK WE'VE FOOLED HIM! TAKE THIS GUN AND NOTE AND DROP IT INTO THAT PRISON DOOR WE PASSED JUST OUTSIDE — DICKIE IS IN THERE! — BE CAREFUL! — TAKE NO CHANCES!
OUI, MADAME

LOOK, TURPIN! — THAT SLANT EYED GIRL WE SAW GO BY WAS KIM SHERIDAN IN DISGUISE!! — SHE SENT US THIS GUN! NOW WE GOT A CHANCE!
YEAH! — I REMEMBER! THE GIRL ON THE BOAT!

AH — DON'T YOU THINK I'D — AH — BETTER TAKE THE GUN? — I KNOW MORE ABOUT IT THAN YOU DO...
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! — LISTEN — AFTER ALL THE MESS YOU'VE GOT ME INTO I WOULDN'T BE ALONE HERE WITH YOU IF ALL YOU HAD WAS A WATER PISTOL — AN' NO WATER!!

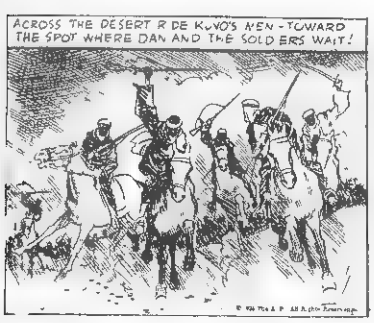


KIM SHERIDAN HAS COME OUT INTO THE DESERT DISGUISED AS A SLAVE GIRL TO RESCUE DICKIE FROM RIMEL KUVO — KUVO'S SENTRIES HAVE DISCOVERED DAN FLYNN FOLLOWING SEVERAL MILES BEHIND WITH AN ARMED ESCORT

TAKE THY COMMANDS INTO THE DESERT TO THE NORTH AND ANNIHILATE THOSE FRENCHMEN APPROACHING OUR OASIS!! — LET NONE ESCAPE ALIVE! — I WILL REMAIN HERE AND DO AWAY WITH THE DOGS OF PRISONERS WHO BETRAYED US!

LOOK, TURPIN! THE ARABS ARE RIDIN' OUT TO THE NORTH! — THAT MEANS THE FRENCH ARE COMIN' — AN' THEY'LL BE AROUND TO TAKE THEIR SPITE OUT ON US —!

THE GUNS BE DELEEVERED MADAME! — NOW KUVO HAS BEESCOVER OUR MEN AN' BES RIDEENG OUT GENTO THE DESERT WEETH HEES TROOPS!!
OKAY! NOW IS OUR TIME TO STRIKE! — GET THE ROCKETS OUT OF THE CAMEL PACKS!
7-23



AT KUVO'S CAMP, KIM AND THE FRENCH SPY TAKE ROCKET GUNS FROM THEIR CAMEL PACKS AND FIRE INTO THE AIR.

WHAT EES THEES ?
DICKIE! IN HERE! HELP!
KUVO HEARS THE SHOTS AS DICKIE BREAKS THE LOCK ON THE PRISON DOOR
AMERICAIN! WEETH THE DEESGUISE AS THE SLAVE GIRL!
SO!
AMERICAIN OR NO- YOL DIE, NOW!
DROP THE GIRL AN' REACH FOR TH' MOON, KUVO! TH' MARINES ARE HERE WITH ITCHY TRIGGER FINGERS!
WILTON CALIFF
7-26

GRAB THAT GUN, KIM! - WE'LL GET KUVO'S CAR AND TAKE HIM BACK TO THE LEGION POST BEFORE HIS MEN COME!
DAN FLYNN IS ON HIS WAY HERE WITH A FRENCH ARMORED CAR!
DICKIE! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!!
WILTON CALIFF
NOW, KUVO! - I TRIED TO TELL YOU BEFORE THAT I DIDN'T CHEAT YOU ON THOSE SMUGGLED GUNS! - IF YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM ME I'LL SAVE YOU - OTHERWISE I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!! - IS IT A BARGAIN ?
7-27

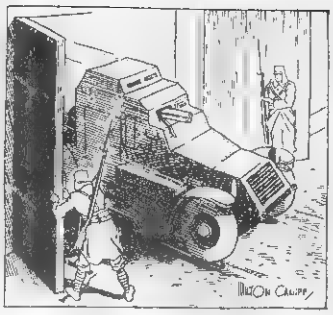
THINK FAST, KUVO! THOSE FRENCH MACHINE GUNS WILL WIPE OUT YOUR MEN - AND THEN THEY'LL GET YOU! STRING ALONG WITH ME AND WE'LL BOTH GET OUT BEFORE THEY ARRIVE! - ARE YOU AGREED?
OUI!
OKAY! PICK UP YOUR GUN!
WE TAKE MY AUTO AN' GO TO MY CASTLE EEN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS! - BUT WHAT DO WE DO WEETH THEES AMERICAINS ?
THIS'LL DO FOR MY CELL MATE !!
WILTON CALIFF
OW!
7-28
.. AND THE GIRL WILL BRING ENOUGH GOOD AMERICAN COIN TO BUY US BOTH TICKETS OUT OF THE COUNTRY! - HER FATHER IS IN THE BIG DOUGH! - GET YOUR CAR BEFORE THAT FLYNN GUY SHOWS UP - OR WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

KIM SHERIDAN, DISGUISED AS AN ORIENTAL GIRL, IS CAPTURED AS TURPIN DESERTS DICKIE AND ALLES HIMSELF WITH RIMEL KUVO!
THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO KUVO'S CASTLE IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS!.. DICKIE HAS BEEN LEFT BEHIND, DAZED BY A BLOW FROM TURPIN .....
THAT FLYNN GUY AND THE FRENCH WILL BE ON OUR TRAIL IN A HURRY! - WILL WE BE SAFE IN THE MOUNTAINS?
OUI! - MY CASTLE EEN THE GRAN' ATLAS EES EE-MPREGNABLE! - EEF WE HAVE NO MEES-FORTUNE WE CAN BE THERE BY AN-OTHAIR DAWN!
KUVO'S CAR ROARS OUT OF ONE END OF THE CAMP AS DAN AND HIS FRIENDS ENTER FROM THE OTHER... THEY LEAVE THEIR ARMORED CAR TO EXPLORE THE OASIS...
HAVE A CARB, M SIEU! EET EES TOO QUIET EEN THEES PLACE -- !!
WILTON CALIFF
7-30

KIM AND DICK.E WERE OKAY AT THE TIME SHE SENT UP THE FLARE! - BUT THERE'S BEEN SOME MONKEY BUSINESS!.....
. BETTER SPREAD OUT AND SEARCH THE TENTS! - THIS PLACE CAN'T REALLY BE DESERTED !!
HIGH IN THE WATCH-TOWER, THE SENTRY LEFT BEH ND BY KUVO ALLOWS THE SEARCHING PARTY TO GET WITHIN RANGE - THEN FIRES!
AMBUSH! EVERY BODY UNDER COVER!
WILTON CALIFF

MAKING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE TRACKLESS DESERT, KUVO AND TURPIN CARRY KIM FARTHER AND FARTHER INTO THE HEART OF FRENCH MOROCCO
REMEMBER THAT I SAVED YOUR NECK WHEN THE KID HAD YOU CORNERED, KUVO! DON'T PULL ANY FAST ONES!
KUVO KEEPS HEES WORD!—TOGETHAIR WE GET THE NICE RANSOM FOR THEES AMERICAIN GIRL! —THEN WE PART!
MEANWHILE, DAN AND THE SOLDIERS CONTINUE THEIR SEARCH..
EET LOOKS AS EEF KUVO HAS ABANDON' HEES CAMP!— AH, M'SIEU, I FEAR FOR YOUR FR'EN'S!
I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP! — HEY!—I THOUGHT I HEARD SOME-ONE 'CALL !!
YUH DID!—IT'S ME, DAN! OVER HERE!—I'M KINDA WEAK!
8-1
DICKIE! ARE YOU HURT? WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE'S KIM?
WAIT'LL I GET MY HEAD CLEAR!—TURPIN SOCKED ME ON TH' BUTTON—AN' I WENT OUT LIKE A LIGHT!
..KUVO TOSSED TURPIN AN' ME IN JAIL 'CAUSE HIS SMUGGLED GUNS WERE ALL SMASHED!—KIM CAME AN' SLIPPED US A PISTOL!—WHEN SHE SHOT TH' FLARE OL' KUVO GRABBED HER!—I BUSTED TH' JAIL LOCK AN' WENT AFTER KUVO THEN THAT BIG STIFF, TURPIN, GRABBED TH' GUN AN' MADE A BARGAIN WITH KUVO TO GO WITH HIM...
..KUVO AGREED AN' THEY TOOK KIM WITH 'EM TO KUVO'S CASTLE IN TH' ATLAS MOUNTAINS! THEN TURPIN POKED ME AN' THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER— 'TIL I HEARD YOU COMIN'!
THAT DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSIN'
COLONEL! —THEY'VE TAKEN MISS SHERIDAN TO KUVO'S PLACE IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS!
MON DIEU! I WAS AFRAID OF THEES!
8-2
EEF KUVO HAS TAKEN MEES SHEREEDAN TO HEES CASTLE EEN THE MOUNTAINS WE HAVE ONLY TAE FIGHTEENS CHANCE TO RESCUE HER!
THEY PROBABLY WANT A RANSOM FOR HER RETURN
BUT IT'S HARD TO TELL WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO HER IN THE HANDS OF THOSE TWO CRAZY CROOKS!
THERE EES A LEGION POST AT TIMHADIT NEAR KUVO'S PLACE! COME!—WE GO FOR REENFORCEMENTS!
8-3
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! TH' POOR KID PROBABLY NEEDS US PLENTY- RIGHT NOW!
AS DICKIE AND DAN HEAD FOR THE LEGION POST KIM AND HER CAPTORS APPROACH KUVO'S MOUNTAIN CASTLE
DICKIE, DAN, AND THE SOLDIERS ARE ON THEIR WAY FOR HELP TO ATTEMPT A RESCUE OF KIM—AS TURPIN AND KUVO ARRIVE WITH HER AT KUVO'S CASTLE...
LE COMMANDANT AT TIMHADIT WEE'LL KNOW EES' HOW TO ATTACK KUVO EEN HEES STRONGHOLD! —VOILA! LET US GO!
YOU SEE, TURPIN, EET EES NOT EASY TO ATTACK MY CASTLE!
I'LL UNTIE YOU—SO YOU CAN STRETCH A LITTLE!— NO USE TO TRY TO ESCAPE, M'SS — YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO OUR CHARMING COMPANY! —YOU'LL BE HERE AWHILE!
REGARDEZ, TURPIN! —I AM EEN COMMAND HERE—I MUS' BEENSEEST YOU LEAVE THEES AMERICAIN GIRL ALONE WHILE WE HOLD HER FOR RANSOM!
OKAY!
8-4
HIGH IN HIS CASTLE IN THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS, RIMBL KUVO HOLDS KIM SHERIDAN A PRISONER! WITH HIM IS TURPIN, FORMER CAPTAIN OF THE "URSULA". THEY HOPE TO GET A HUGE RANSOM FOR HER RETURN...
THEY HAVE JUST ELUDED DICKIE AND DAN AND A PARTY OF FRENCH SOLDIERS...
SOON THE FRENCH SOLDIERS WEELL COME TO FIND THEES GIRL—WE ARE SAFE FROM ATTACK HERE!—BUT SHE MUS' BE KEPT UNHARMED, OR WE GET NO RANSOM—SO YOU STAY AWAY FROM HER!
ALL RIGHT! —ALL RIGHT! DON'T GET SO EXCITED!
GO WEETH THEES WOMAN—SHE WEELL FIND OTHAIR CLOTHES FOR YOU! WASH THE PAINT FROM YOUR FACE—YOU WEELL NOT NEED THE SO BRILLIANT DISGUISE EEN THEES PLACE!
BITTERLY, KIM REALIZES HOW HER PLAN TO SAVE DICKIE HAS BOOMERANGED... SHE WASHES THE STAIN FROM HER SKIN, AND THE OIL FROM HER HAIR—REMOVES THE TAPE THAT HELD HER EYES, AND DRESSES IN NATIVE SILKS.
8-6

HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE ABDUCTORS OF KIM SHER DAN, THE STEEL CAR ROARS UP TO THE GATE OF THE FRENCH LEGION POST AT TIMHADIT—THE HEAVY DOORS SWING BACK AND THE TANK MOVES INSIDE THE WALLS....



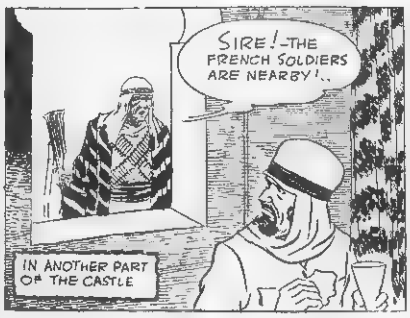
I HAVE EXPLAIN THE CIRCUMSTANCE! WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE WE DO ABOUT EET?
WE HAVE LONG SUSPEC' RIMEL KUVO EES ABOUT TO CAUSE THE UPRISEENG! -THEES EES EVEN MORE SERIOUS!—NOW, I TELL YOU WHAT I THEENK EES TO DO!

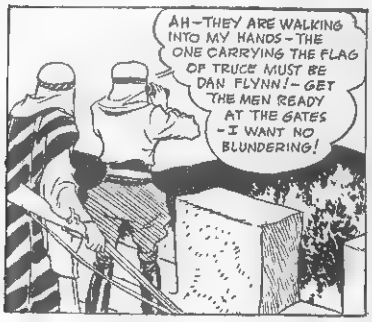
EEN ORDAIR TO CATCH KUVO OFF HEES GUARD, YOU APPROACH HEES PLACE BY THE MAIN ROAD—I WEELL TAKE A DETATCHMENT AROUN' BEHIND AN' EENSTALL A LIGHT GUN ON THE BLUFF OVAIR-LOOKING HEES CASTLE—EEF HE REFUSES TO SURRENDER THE GIRL WE WEELL DESTROY THE WHOLE TOWN...!
GOOD!

MEANWHILE, IN KUVO'S CASTLE, TURPIN HAS DRESSED IN HIS HOSTS CLOTHING
WHY SO COLD, MISS, I GOT ALL SPRUCED UP FOR YOUR BENEFIT!—SIT DOWN—I WANT TO TALK TO YOU WITHOUT KUVO AROUND!

GO ROLL YOUR HOOP, TURPIN!—IF YOU DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE I'LL YELL FOR KUVO!
TAKE IT EASY, KID! I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU—STRICTLY BUSINESS!

YOUR FATHER HAS INFLUENCE IN THE STATES—IF I HELP YOU ESCAPE FROM HERE—WILL YOU AGREE TO GET ME A FULL PARDON FOR MY PART IN THIS AFFAIR?
HMM NOW LET ME THINK

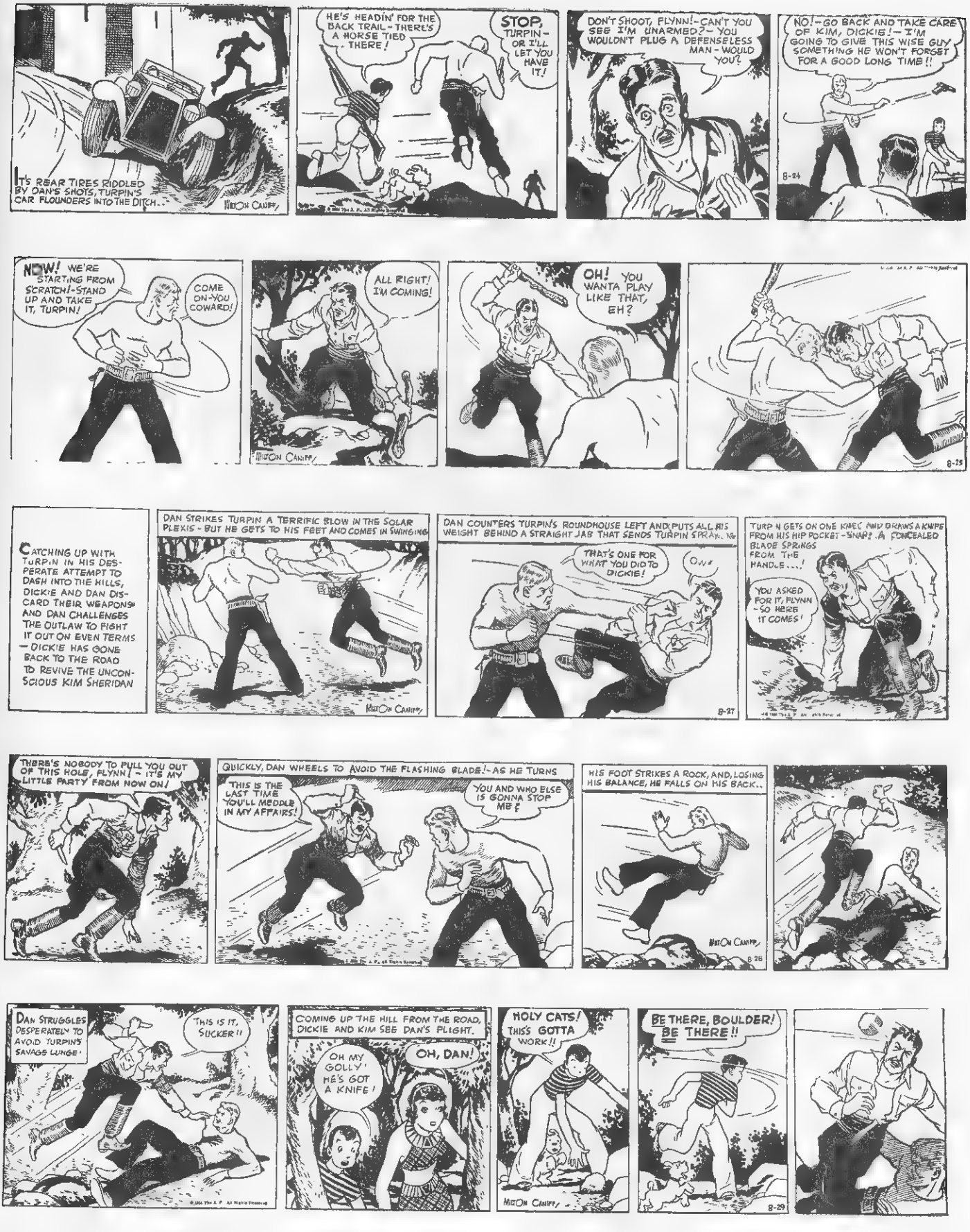



AH—THEY ARE WALKING INTO MY HANDS—THE ONE CARRYING THE FLAG OF TRUCE MUST BE DAN FLYNN!—GET THE MEN READY AT THE GATES—I WANT NO BLUNDERING!

WE CAN TALK TURKEY TO KUVO UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE—HE MAY LISTEN TO REASON!
KUVO EES CRAFTY, M'SIEU!—I THEENK EET WEELL TAKE MORE THAN MERE WORDS TO RESCUE THE GIRL!

APPROACHING KUVO'S CASTLE WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE, DICKIE AND DAN ARE AMBUSHED BY THE ARAB'S MEN AS THEY NEGOTIATE FOR THE RELEASE OF KIM SHERIDAN.....
THE TRIBESMEN LEAP UPON DAN AS DICKIE SLIPS FROM THE THICK OF THE FIGHT TO GO FOR HELP....
DON'T LET 'EM GET YOU, DICKIE!! RUN!!
I'LL GO BACK TO TH' CAR AN' GET A MACHINE GUN!
OW!
BREENG THE BEEGONE INSIDE THE WALLS!- CATCH THE BOY BEFORE HE SUMMONS AID!- TODAY I HAVE MY REVENGE!
KNOCKED OUT BY A BLOW ON THE HEAD, DAN IS CARRIED INSIDE THE CASTLE WALLS BY THE TRIBESMEN.
DICKIE RUNS FOR HIS LIFE AS ONE OF KUVO'S ARABS TRIES TO PICK HIM OFF...
HOLY SMOKE!
QUICK, FRANCOIS!- THEY'VE SHOT LEDROUX AN' CAPTURED DAN!- THOSE GUYS WITH TH' CANNON OUGHTA BE ON TH' MOUNTAIN BACK O' TH' CASTLE BY NOW!- WE GOTTA SIGNAL 'EM! BUT HOW?
TO BE SURE! THERE EES A SEEGNAL MEERROR IN THE CAR FOR FLASHEENG THE CODE!
8 14
OKAY- GET IT!- TELL THEM TO WAIT 'TIL THEY HEAR OUR GUNS - THEN SHOOT RIGHT INTO THE CASTLE! - COME ON - WE'RE GONNA PULL A FAST ONE!
WHILE DICKIE IS LAYING PLANS FOR A RESCUE, DAN, STILL GROGGY FROM A BLOW ON THE HEAD, IS BROUGHT BEFORE KUVO...
SO! THEES EES THE AMERICAIN WHO TALKED SO BEEG A LEETLE WHILE AGO?
YEAH! AN' SO WHAT?
TURPIN, WHO HAS BEEN TRYING TO BARGAIN WITH KIM FOR HIS SAFE RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES, IS ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE..
IT'S DAN!
KUVO'S CAPTURED THE BIG GUY!- HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN!
SO YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE YOUR SPITE OUT ON DAN FOR SPOILING YOUR GAME!- GO AWAY! I WOULDN'T HELP YOU NOW FOR ANY THING!!
ALL RIGHT, SISTER!- IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL - COME WITH ME AND WATCH US MAKE YOUR BOY FRIEND SQUIRM!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN TO DO, KUVO! - BUT YOU'D BETTER RELEASE THE GIRL AND ME - OR YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET IT!
8-15
DICKIE IS STILL OUTSIDE THE CASTLE WALLS AS KUVO AND TURPIN PREPARE TO TAKE THEIR REVENGE OUT ON DAN FLYNN FOR WRECKING THEIR GUN SMUGGLING RING..
THERE'S YOUR BIG TOUGH BOY FRIEND ALL TED UP AND MEEK AS A LAMB WILL YOU AGREE TO TELL YOUR FATHER TO LET ME GO BACK TO THE STATES UNMOLESTED - OR DO WE GIVE FLYNN THE WORKS?
OH, DAN WHAT SHALL I DO?
DON'T LET THAT BIG TRAMP BLUFF YOU, KIM! - THEY'LL KEEP YOU SAFE TO GET A RANSOM! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!..
AS ALL THIS IS GOING ON - DICKIE AND THE DRIVER OF THE ARMORED CAR ARE SIGNALLING THE FRENCH BATTERY ON THE MOUNTAIN BEHIND KUVO'S CASTLE...
HE SAYS TO FIRE WHEN WE HEAR SHOTS FROM THE CASTLE, SIR!
VERY WELL!
8 16
YOU HAVE OUR PLANS ALL SET, FRANCOS! - NOW - IF YOU THINK THIS OLD CRATE WILL STAND THE GAFF WE'LL GET UNDER WAY! - OKAY?
OUI, M'SIEU!
THIS ROAD WINDS UP TH' HILL TO TH' WALL OF KUVO'S CASTLE - THEN THERE'S A STRAIGHT-AWAY JUST IN FRONT OF TH' BIG WOODEN GATES! - LE'S GO!
THIS IS THE GUY WHO SMASHED YOUR RIFLES AND PUT THE FRENCH ON YOUR TRAIL, KUVO! LET'S SEE HOW HE ACTS IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD!
A GOOD IDEA!
IF I HAD A LAST WISH IT'D BE FOR FIVE MINUTES ALONE WITH YOU, TURPIN!
AND JUST WHAT WOULD YOU DO, LITTLE BOY BLUE-? BEG FOR MERCY?
SKIP IT, YOU RAT! COME ON - GET YOUR LITTLE PARTY OVER WITH!
8 17

DO YOU HAVE ANY THEENG TO SAY BEFORE YOU DIE, M'SIEU FLYNN?
NOTHING YOU'D UNDERSTAND! SO LONG, KIM!
I CAN'T STAND THIS!- LET ME GO! LET ME GO!!
YOU'LL STAY HERE AN' LIKE IT!
STRAIGHT THROUGH TH' MIDDLE, FRANCOIS! LET 'ER RIDE!
CRASH!
WILTON CALIFF 8-8
LOOK, FRANCOIS!
IT'S A FIRING SQUAD FOR DAN! QUICK! SWING IN FRONT OF HIM!
DIABLE! THEY CANNOT DO THEES TO KUVO!!
WILTON CALIFF 8-20
HOP IN, DAN! WE'RE GONNA SPOIL THE R PARTY!
CUT THESE ROPES -AND GIVE ME A GUN! - IT'S OUR TURN, NOW!
... WITH THE TABLES SUDDENLY TURNED ON THEM, KUVO AND HIS FIRING SQUAD OPEN FIRE ON THE ARMORED CAR IN WHICH DICKIE HAS RESCUED DAN....
COME AN' GET IT - YOU TRAMPS!
WILTON CALIFF 8-21
... AT THE FIRST SOUND OF FIRING IN THE CASTLE, THE FRENCH GUN ROARS - AND A SHELL SCREAMS INTO THE COURT YARD OF KUVO'S PALACE...
GET INSIDE TH' TANK, DAN! -THAT FRENCH GUN HAS OPENED UP! - WE'LL GET BLOWN TO PIECES!
WE GOTTA FIND KIM! - SHE WAS HERE A MOMENT AGO - WITH TURPIN!
WILTON CALIFF
AS THE ARMORED CAR DROVE UP KIM FAINTED AT THE PROSPECT OF SEEING DAN SHOT!... TURPIN, REALIZING THAT SHE IS HIS ONLY HOPE OF RETURNING SAFELY TO AMERICA, PICKS HER UP AND RUNS TOWARD KUVO'S CAR..
8-22
LOOK, DAN! THERE GOES TURPIN IN KUVO'S CAR!
AND HE HAS KIM WITH HIM!! WE GOTTA STOP HIM! HEY!
I'LL FIX THAT YELLOW PUP! - I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!!
BAM!
8-23
WILTON CALIFF


IT'S REAR TIRES RIDDLED BY DAN'S SHOTS, TURPIN'S CAR FLOUNDERS INTO THE DITCH..
MILTON CANIFF
HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE BACK TRAIL - THERE'S A HORSE TIED THERE!
STOP, TURPIN - OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
DON'T SHOOT, FLYNN! - CAN'T YOU SEE I'M UNARMED? - YOU WOULDN'T PLUG A DEFENSELESS MAN - WOULD YOU?
NO! - GO BACK AND TAKE CARE OF KIM, DICKIE! - I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS WISE GUY SOMETHING HE WON'T FORGET FOR A GOOD LONG TIME!!
8-24
NOW! WE'RE STARTING FROM SCRATCH! - STAND UP AND TAKE IT, TURPIN!
COME ON - YOU COWARD!
ALL RIGHT! I'M COMING!
OH! YOU WANTA PLAY LIKE THAT, EH?
8-25
CATCHING UP WITH TURPIN IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO DASH INTO THE HILLS, DICKIE AND DAN DISCARD THEIR WEAPONS AND DAN CHALLENGES THE OUTLAW TO FIGHT IT OUT ON EVEN TERMS - DICKIE HAS GONE BACK TO THE ROAD TO REVIVE THE UNCONSCIOUS KIM SHERIDAN
DAN STRIKES TURPIN A TERRIFIC BLOW IN THE SOLAR PLEXIS - BUT HE GETS TO HIS FEET AND COMES IN SWINGING
DAN COUNTERS TURPIN'S ROUNDHOUSE LEFT AND PUTS ALL HIS WEIGHT BEHIND A STRAIGHT JAB THAT SENDS TURPIN SPRAWLING
THAT'S ONE FOR WHAT YOU DID TO DICKIE!
OW!
8-27
TURPIN GETS ON ONE KNEE AND DRAWS A KNIFE FROM HIS HIP POCKET - SNAP! A CONCEALED BLADE SPRINGS FROM THE HANDLE....!
YOU ASKED FOR IT, FLYNN - SO HERE IT COMES!
THERE'S NOBODY TO PULL YOU OUT OF THIS HOLE, FLYNN! - IT'S MY LITTLE PARTY FROM NOW ON!
QUICKLY, DAN WHEELS TO AVOID THE FLASHING BLADE! - AS HE TURNS
THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL MEDDLE IN MY AFFAIRS!
YOU AND WHO ELSE IS GONNA STOP ME?
HIS FOOT STRIKES A ROCK, AND, LOSING HIS BALANCE, HE FALLS ON HIS BACK..
8-26
DAN STRUGGLES DESPERATELY TO AVOID TURPIN'S SAVAGE LUNGE!
THIS IS IT, SLICKER!!
COMING UP THE HILL FROM THE ROAD, DICKIE AND KIM SEE DAN'S PLIGHT.
OH MY GOLLY! HE'S GOT A KNIFE!
OH, DAN!
HOLY CATS! THIS'S GOTTA WORK!!
BE THERE, BOULDER! BE THERE!!
8-29

DAN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HOW DID YOU LIKE DARE'S BEAN BALL SPECIAL?
SWELL!-I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE OF YOU-AND YOU'VE SAVED MY NECK TWICE!! - OUR BOY FRIEND HERE IS OUT COLD -YOU TIE HIM UP WITH HIS BELT BEFORE HE TRIES ANY MORE TRICKS!
I'LL GET THOSE GUNS WE TOSSED AWAY!
THAT TAKES CARE OF OUR NUMBER ONE MENACE!-LET'S GO INSIDE THE CASTLE AND SEE IF THAT FRENCH FIELD GUN GOT KUVO!-IF IT DIDN'T-WE WILL!
OKAY! THEY'VE CEASED FIRING!
BETTER WAIT OUT HERE, KIM! YOU CAN'T TELL HOW MANY OF THOSE ARABS MAY BE HIDING OUT UNDER COVER
GOSH-IT'S SO QUIET!
BE CAREFUL BOYS-PLEASE!
MILTON CANIFF

INSIDE THE WALLS OF KUVO'S CASTLE, DICKIE AND DAN ENCOUNTER A SCENE OF GREAT DESOLATION — THE FRENCH GUN ON THE MOUNTAIN HAS DONE ITS WORK WELL ..
KEEP UNDER COVER, DICK! -ALL THOSE NATIVES HAVEN'T BEEN KNOCKED OFF!
LOOK OUT, DAN!
BANG! FROM THE WINDOW OF A HALF DEMOLISHED HOUSE A BULLET WHINES PAST..!
IT'S KUVO! RIGHT BACK AT YOU, MISTER! -THIS IS A BAD TIME FOR YOU TO MISS!
MILTON CANIFF

THAT FINISHES MENACE NUMBER TWO -I'M AFRAID HIS INTENTIONS WERE GOOD-BUT HE COULDN'T BUCK THE WHOLE FRENCH ARMY! -IF HE'S STILL ALIVE THEY'LL WANT HIM FOR STARTING A REVOLT!
HE WAS ONE TOUGH BABY!
AT THIS MOMENT THE FRENCH SOLDIERS WHO MANNED THE MOUNTAIN GUN SWARM OVER THE WALL INTO THE COURT YARD
MON DIEU! -I FEARED FOR YOUR SAFETEE WE HAVE CAPTURE THE NATEEVES WHO RAN FOR THE HEELS TO ESCAPE OUR FIRE-BUT WHERE EES KUVO AN' THEES MAN TURPEEN?
YEP-THE BOYS ARE A B'T INDISPOSED!
WE PUT 'EM OUT O' CIRCULATION!
MILTON CANIFF

WITH TURPIN AND KUVO IN THE HANDS OF THE FRENCH TROOPS, DICKIE AND DAN BREATHE EASILY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS —
THE LEGIONNAIRES MOVE THE PRISONERS TO THE ARMORED CAR FOR TRANSPORTATION BACK TO FRENCH HEADQUARTERS
PUT KUVO AND TURPEEN EEN THE TANK — THE OTHAIR PREESONAIRS WEELL MARCH BACK WEETH US..
DON'T LOOK SO COCKY, YOU TWO! I'LL NEVER SERVE A DAY FOR THIS-I'LL BE FREE SOON AND I'LL BE LOOKIN' YOU UP- WHEREEVER YOU ARE!
GO TAKE YOUR RAP, TURPIN!-IF YOU SHOW YOUR FACE AGAIN -I'LL MESS IT UP WORSE THAN IT IS NOW!
GEE! I JUST THOUGHT ABOUT KIM! WHERE IS SHE? OH, GOSH!
WE LEFT HER OUTSIDE THE WALLS!

GEE!-IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO MISS SHER DAN AFTER ALL THAT OTHER MESS IS STRAIGHTENED OUT...!
KIM!-KIM!
WE'RE A COUPLE OF SAPS TO LEAVE HER OUT HERE ALONE!
LOOK! THERE SHE IS! -AN' SHE'S CRYIN' LIKE A BABY!
KIM!-WHY THE TEARS? WE GOT TURPIN AND KUVO!
YEAH!-NONE OF US GOT A SCRAPE! -EVERYTHING'S HUNKY DORY! -HOW COME YOU'RE CRYIN'?
I KNOW EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT-BUT NOW THAT THE DANGER'S OVER I JUST REALIZED HOW SCARED I WAS-SO I UPS AND HAS A GOOD CRY!
MILTON CANIFF

The Costumes of Tim Tyler, The Disguises of Lyman Young

—A Ghost-Hunting Expedition—

The recent death of Lyman Young (Feb. 12, 1984) reminds us of his famous *Tim Tyler's Luck*, an adventure strip that ran for years but was ironically always more popular abroad, especially in Latin countries, than in America. One remembers the paramilitary and colonial exploits, the youthful and dangerous explorations by the fair-haired boy of the Ivory Patrol with the black panther Fang at his side; his friend Spud Slavins; and Captain Clark—braving the terrain, the elements, and human enemies, including African savages as well as white men no less hostile.

But the career of Lyman Young, and the production of his classic strip, is no less compelling. It is certainly filled with mysteries and suspense.

The history of *Tim Tyler's Luck* is parallel to the long career of Lyman Young, but also parallel to the careers of other cartoonists, almost always anonymous, who aided him decisively at crucial moments in the strip. For more than half a century the strip depicted the busy adventures of Tim through his escapist flight from the Depression's grimness (with an implied invitation to same for the readers), through colonial themes in black Africa, to ultimately mundane activities in otherwise exotic locales after World War II. Also through the years there was the constant presence of a mercenary army—not in the strip, but a multitude of ghost artists who directed the adventures over Young's signature.

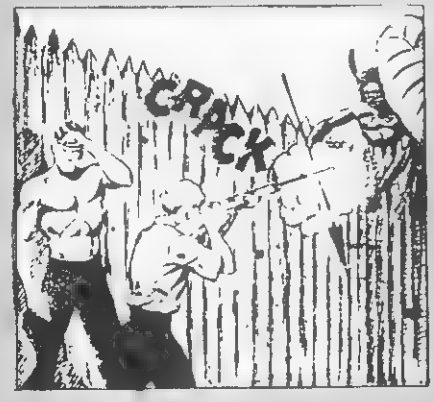
By Javier Coma
Translated by Rick Marschall

Let us go to the beginning of the trail. *Tim Tyler's Luck* debuted on Aug. 13, 1928. The first episode recounted how the hero, having turned 14, left the orphanage where he was raised, suddenly alone in the world with five dollars and a parcel of food. (Was the strip designed as a male version of *Little Orphan Annie*?) He moves to a rooming house which a fire soon thereafter consumes; Tim is rescued by a boy slightly older than he, Spud. The Aug. 16 daily shows them sharing a hospital room, and when Spud offers his comrade assistance in their return to the world, a life-long friendship is struck. After several local and urban adventures the pair manages to find work at an airport with Sky Lane Airways, whose owner, Roy Fleet, teaches them to be skilled aviators.

For most of 1930 *Tim Tyler's Luck* seemed to be another of the small but growing list of aviation strips inspired by the heroics of Charles Lindbergh and other fliers, but after late 1930 the strip based its adventures not on pure aeronautical exploits, but on the theme of travel to remote, exotic and dangerous places including Alaska, China, India, and Arabia. On Nov. 24, 1931, the pair landed in the Ruritanian Kingdom of the Balkans, where they became involved in a palace intrigue. Two years

The Many Looks Of Tim Tyler

WE'VE GOTTA FIGGER SOME WAY TO GET PAST THAT COP, OR BLACKIE SURE WILL GET AWAY WITH POOR JEN'S SAVIN'S!
MAYBE WE CAN HEAD HIM OFF, IF WE CHASE AROUND THE BLOCK, SPUD
BUT HOW DO WE KNOW MR DAWSON REALLY INTENDS TO KEEP HER MONEY?
HE LOST HIS JOB AT TH' BANK, DIDN'T HE? HE'LL USE JEN'S COIN TO BLOW OUTTA TOWN!
HIST-- HERE HE COMES!
WE'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM AWHILE, AND SEE WHERE HE GOES, SPUD--
I'LL KEEP THIS GUN HANDY WHILE I'M SHORT-CUTTING THROUGH THE BOTTOM-LAND TO THE SKIFF---



Immediately above: a panel (11-5-1939) ghosted by Alex Raymond. Counterclockwise from top: 4-24-1929; 9-25-1932; 9-25-1935; 11-24-1945; 1-19-1947; from the comic book *Tim Tyler Cowboy*, 1947; 7-3-1942; 2-1-1932; and 10-16-1930.

later the locale and plot elements were resurrected for a similar adventure, with no reference to their origins.

In searching for the true drawing style of Lyman Young—once one is convinced by radical visual changes through the years that many hands came and went—the strip's origins ought to yield a clue. Indeed, Young's earliest strip, *Big Sister*, might also suggest the true style of Young: it is unlikely that the beginning days of relatively minor strips would see their creator secure or prosperous enough to afford full-time assistants. Hence we are met by a Lyman Young whose style is largely cartooney. As the years progressed, the style grew more realistic, and this may be attributed to the growing maturity of adventure strips in general (especially of a role model for African-locale strips, *Tarzan*, begun in 1929), or to Young's predictable growth as an artist. However, at the time of a rather impressive improvement in the art, we know—from obvious stylistic imprints as well as historical record—that Alex Raymond was ghosting the strip.

Raymond was for a short period King Features' all-purpose ghost-artist; he also handled many of the duties on *Tillie the Toiler* by Russ Westover, and *Blondie*, by Lyman's brother Chic, before his own *Secret Agent X-9* debuted. But in 1932 and '33 his work was very evident in *Tim Tyler*. And with him begins the curious factor of seeing other hands at work in the strip...

Tim Tyler not only grew with his strip. . . his appearance changed at the hands of the many ghosts who drew him.

HELLO, MARY... ED! I THOUGHT YOU TWO MIGHT HAVE LEFT TOWN BY NOW!
W-WHY, TIM!! W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HOME, ASLEEP! NOW QUIT FOLLOWING US!

I'M NOT FOLLOWING YOU, I'M CHASING YOU — THE CLUB MONEY HAS BEEN STOLEN- EVERY-ONE WILL BE IN GLORY'S OFFICE, SO LET'S GO! I'M SURE WE'LL FIND THE THIEF AMONG US!!

All artwork from the collections of Javier Coma and Rick Marschall

sometimes several styles in the same panels! The addition of a Sunday *Tim Tyler* page on July 19, 1931 might have caused Lyman Young to seek help, and one might speculate on brother Chic lending a hand except that Chic was one of the most notorious employers of ghosts, from Bud Counihan on *Dumb Dora* to Alex and Jim Raymond and Ray McGill on *Blondie*.

There was another jarring factor in the unfolding of the *Tim Tyler* saga in the early '30s. As a consequence of King Features' policy of mandating separate storylines for the dailies and Sunday versions of their strips, Tim, Spud, and Roy arrived in Africa on May 23, 1932; while in the Sunday editions Tim and Spud alone arrived on the Dark Continent's shores the following Nov. 13!

Once *Tim Tyler* had been established as a *bona fide* adventure strip, not a light continuity of juvenile escapades, Young or his scriptwriter finally set about to provide origins. And yet, true to the tender but determined air of confusion already manifested in the strip, this too is wrapped in contradictions and illogic. The 1933 episode featuring the fantastic Queen Loana and the legend of eternal youth dealt with the question of the death of Tim's father. According to this sequence it occurred in 1925 but supposedly after Tim's departure from the orphanage. This chronology would also have made Tim 22 at this point, which he most evidently is not. It is also stated, contrary to the actual strip's origins, that Tim and Spud were acquainted in the orphanage. As none of these changes materially affected the premise or continuation of the strip, one may only speculate whether Lyman Young simply forgot his own strip's origins of fewer than five years earlier, or whether another hand—with Young's blessing or disregard—was concocting the storyline.

In April of 1934 the Ivory Patrol, a band of law-and-order vigilantes based in the town of Ambesi, manifests itself in *Tim Tyler's Luck*. First they send a note to Roy Fleet (who is employed still in the dailies, but has Sunday off), and then are met by Tim and Spud, who quickly join their ranks. From this period until the end of the decade, *Tim Tyler's Luck* is a strip full of high adventure and vibrancy: Tim and Spud switch their uniforms to that of the Foreign Legion and Colonial Troopers, are separated and reunited, and join in many paramilitary adventures through bush and jungle.

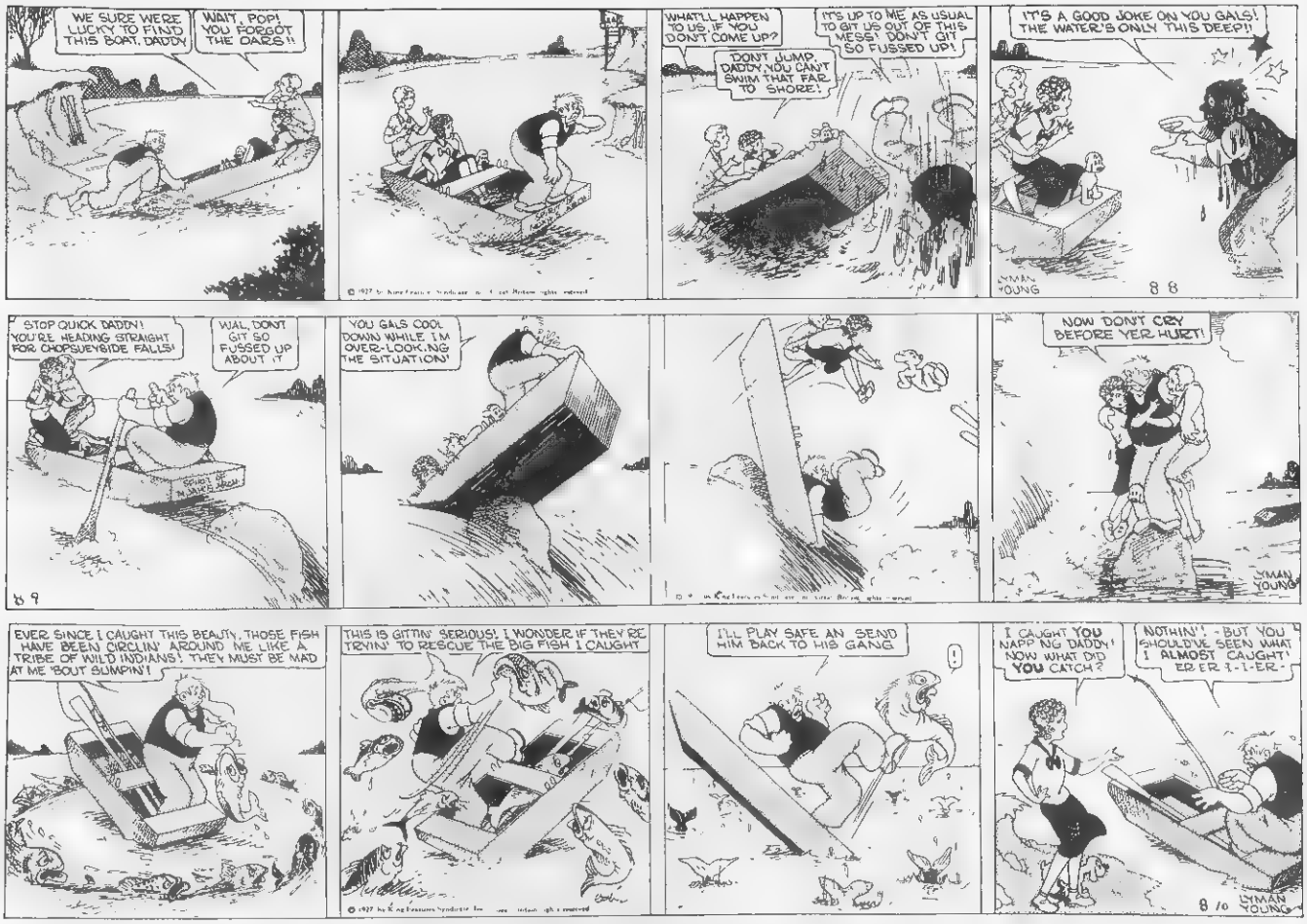
Alex Raymond's departure in the autumn of 1933 brought the orphanage-theme confusion to a new dimension; the strip's artistic fortunes were lost and alone in the world as well. There has been speculation that Burne Hogarth contributed anonymously in the first weeks of 1934, before his artwork on Charles Driscoll's *Pieces of Eight* for McNaught Syndicate, replacing Montfort Amory. Charles Flanders, another King Features all-purpose man, almost certainly pitched in on *Tim Tyler* after 1934, particularly on Sundays. It may be assumed from new, different, and short-lived stylistic alterations through the years that various King bullpen stalwarts, possibly including Jim Raymond and Bob Naylor, also labored, as it were, in the jungles.

We also have statements by Tony DiPreta, later artist of *Joe Palooka* and currently *Rex Morgan, M.D.*, that he assisted on *Tim Tyler* during the later '30s, mostly on lettering. A few years later Alden McWilliams (later to draw *Twin Earths, Davy Jones*, and *Dateline: Danger!*) drew background art over Lyman Young's signature. All this is in addition to a major, acknowledged ghost who carried most of the artistic burdens between the mid-1930s and mid-1940s, Nat Edson.

Meanwhile in the strip itself Tim and Spud were drafted. In World War II virtually every comics character was transformed into a propagandist or recruiting-officer, and Tim Tyler was no exception. In 1940 the action switched from Africa to the United States, where Tim and Spud—in new uniforms again, both daily and Sunday—joined the Coast Guard, pursuing spies and saboteurs along stretches of the US coastline. Had they been more diligent adventurers they might have remained in Africa, since their change of locale was precipitated by finding the Colonial Troopers Headquarters abandoned in Africa; rather than meeting the challenge or filling the vacuum, however, the boys joined the Coast Guard in America.

They served through the war, and, once again on (July 12, 1944) changed uniforms, this time as members of a naval commando force on the high seas. After a misadventure in late 1945 Tim and Spud awoke in the hospital to be informed of their honorable discharges from the military. They managed to run into Roy Fleet (once of the airport, once of Africa, once, even, of the Coast Guard with the pair), who invited them to join his World Wide Insurance Company as special investigators. Eventually—perhaps inevitably—the boys returned to Africa and the Ivory Patrol, where they added a few years to their characters and added a new name in the signature box, that of Bob Young, Lyman's son.

The Sundays, still continuing with separate plots, saw Tim and Spud in new uniforms again in the late 1940s, when they worked for a police organization. Once adventure saw them fly a jet-propelled amphibian aircraft and join the inventor Doc Meadows (in later years the strip reflected an interest in gadgets and inventions); later they boarded the mysterious ship The Black Cloud with its even more enigmatic skipper Captain Ghost: could this have been a private joke, or inside acknowledgment, of the


WE SURE WERE LUCKY TO FIND THIS BOAT, DADDY
WAIT, POP! YOU FORGOT THE OARS!!
WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO US, IF YOU DON'T COME UP?
IT'S UP TO ME AS USUAL TO GIT US OUT OF THIS MESS! DON'T GIT SO FUSSED UP!
DON'T JUMP, DADDY, YOU CAN'T SWIM THAT FAR TO SHORE!
IT'S A GOOD JOKE ON YOU GALS! THE WATER'S ONLY THIS DEEP!!
LYMAN YOUNG
8 8
STOP QUICK DADDY! YOU'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR CHOPSUEYSIDE FALLS!
WAL, DON'T GIT SO FUSSED UP ABOUT IT
YOU GALS COOL DOWN WHILE I'M OVER-LOOKING THE SITUATION!
NOW DON'T CRY BEFORE YER HURT!
LYMAN YOUNG
8 9
EVER SINCE I CAUGHT THIS BEAUTY, THOSE FISH HAVE BEEN CIRCLIN' AROUND ME LIKE A TRIBE OF WILD INDIANS! THEY MUST BE MAD AT ME 'BOUT BUMPIN'!
THIS IS GITTIN' SERIOUS! I WONDER IF THEY'RE TRYIN' TO RESCUE THE BIG FISH I CAUGHT
I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' SEND HIM BACK TO HIS GANG
I CAUGHT YOU NAPP'NG DADDY! NOW WHAT DID YOU CATCH?
NOTHIN'! - BUT YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN WHAT I ALMOST CAUGHT! ER ER I-I-ER-
8 10
LYMAN YOUNG

ABOVE: THE REAL LYMAN YOUNG—Early dailies of *Big Sister*, presumably by Young himself. The strip was later drawn by Les Forgrave and Bob Naylor.
BELOW: SIX YEARS LATER—A Sunday *Tim Tyler's Luck*, signed by Lyman Young but ghosted by Alex Raymond.

HOW IT BEGAN! SPUD SLAVINS, A 'DUMB AVIATOR' IS 'SWASHED' AND TAKEN TO AFRICA WITH PAL TIM IS A STOWAWAY ON THE SAME SHIP! ON LANDING, BLASCOE A CLEVER CROOK FORCES SPUD TO PILOT HIS PLANE TO A POINT INLAND WHERE THEY MEET DOOKIN — TIM IS AGAIN A STOWAWAY! ONCE WHILE ALONE A RAGGED STRANGER STAGGERS INTO THEIR HUT! HE TELLS THE BOY HIS STORY—
AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED, MR HARTLY?
AFTER DOOK M TURNED HIS ANKLE BILL RHOADES AND I ASSISTED HIM AS HE LIMPED ALONG. THEN WITHOUT WARNING, MY GUN-BEARER TOPPLED OVER WITH AN ARROW BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES!
I HAD THE PORTERS DROP THEIR LOAD AND GRAB SPEARS!
WANT ME ALONG, PAUL?
NO! STAY HERE, AND GUARD THE SUPPLIES BILL! WE'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS WE DRIVE OFF THE SAVAGES!
SUDDENLY A HORDE OF SAVAGES SWARMED DOWN ON US!! I WAS MIGHTY GLAD I HAD LEFT BILL SAFE FAR IN THE REAR!
WHY AREN'T YOU WITH PAUL HARTLY, DOOKIN?
THAT'S MY BUSINESS, BILL RHOADES! HOW HAND ME THE MAP, OR—
ALL MY BLACKS WERE EITHER KILLED OR CAPTURED!!
THEY'RE WITHDRAWING! SOMEONE ORDERED THEM TO PULL OUT
I'LL HIDE HERE TILL IT'S SAFE TO CRAWL BACK TO BILL—
WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE SECLUDED SPOT WHERE OUR SUPPLIES WERE HIDDEN, I WAS ALMOST OVERCOME WHEN I SAW MY BUDDY BILL RHOADES LYING INERT BETWEEN THE BUNDLES!
GOOD-BYE PAUL— TELL ANN I I—
BILLY! BILLY!
"A WHITE MAN'S BULLET HAD —— KILLED MY PARTNER!"
BETRAYED! I SEE IT ALL NOW! SMOKE SIGNALS! A FAKED INJURY! AN AMBUSH! AND THIS!!
AND IF IT WAS DOOKIN WHO DID IT BILL —HE'LL PAY!
THEN MY MIND WENT BLANK. FOR DAYS I WANDERED IN THE WILDERNESS UNTIL I CAME UPON THIS SHACKS LADS
SPUD! HERE COMES DOOKIN NOW —RUNNING, AND YELLING——!
AN' TO THINK YOU LANDED RIGHT IN DOOKIN'S OWN HANG-OUT! GOSH MR HARTLY!
TIGER! TIGER!
HELP
CRACK
CRACK
1-8
TO BE CONTINUED—NEXT WEEK!
LYMAN YOUNG

unseen names and evident hands directing the fortunes of Tim Tyler?

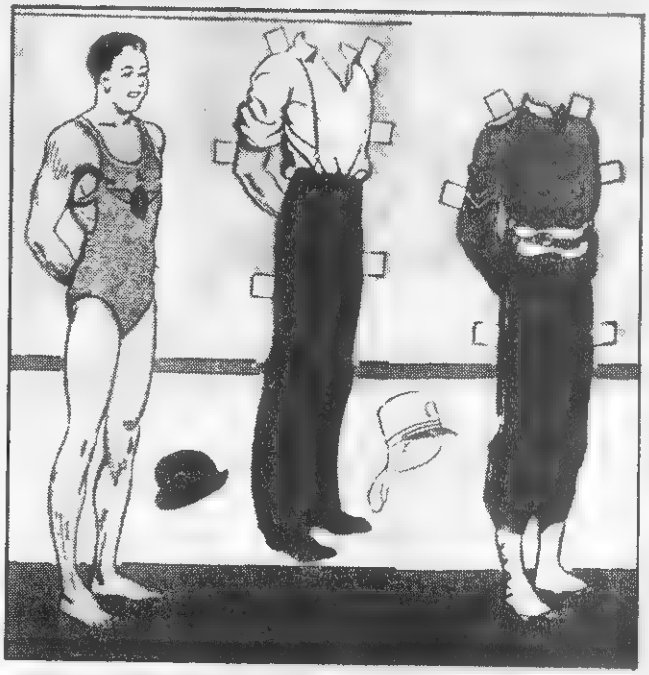
Besides Nat Edson and Bob Young, the assistant whose artwork was longest evident in *Tim Tyler* was Tom Massey, who began signing the strip in 1952. Massey had experience in the Disney fiction world, and it was possibly his influence that led to strange stories with odd animals (such as the "Willy-Wah" talking birds of 1949); it was at this time that the white elephant Snowball became the latter-day counterpart of the black panther companion Fang. Also in the early 1950s a marked tendency toward the supernatural took place, as Tim and Spud finally shed their many uniforms and paramilitary costumes for civilian clothes. The pair, for example, finds a lost city, and departs thereafter in a flying saucer. The intervention of the Korean War provided one more diversion from what could have been a consistent storyline progression—and necessitated the donning of uniforms once more.

For all of the detours we have charted in visual appearance and plotline, the essence of *Tim Tyler's Luck* was of a jungle milieu. So in the mid-1950s Tim and Spud returned, apparently for good, to the Jungle Patrol. For some reason they received new commissions in 1961—Spud as corporal, Tim as Sergeant, a reversal of their traditional ranking.

That the strip is ghosted today is evident by the lack of stylistic change after Lyman Young's death. The Sunday *Tim Tyler's Luck* ended in 1972 (with the release of July 9), and today the strip reportedly appears in but one newspaper in the United States. This situation is symbolic of the fact that *Tim Tyler* was always more popular overseas than in America, but also represents the results of years of inconsistent storylines and a jarringly disrupted continuity of drawing styles.

Ultimately it was the theme of the strip itself that may have doomed *Tim Tyler's Luck* to its current obscurity. Jiggs may still wear spats (but not in too many papers) and Blondie's home decorations may have changed little in 55 years (in many, many papers) but identification with colonial activities in Africa—with connotations of great white hunters, and unwanted but unavoidable reader associations with apartheid and famines—have made Lyman Young's creation an anomaly in the 1980s.

Ironically, as the strip forever seems to be mired in hesitant progress and self-doubt, Tim and Spud cannot after 55 years find a way out of their jungle. n



I DON'T EXPECT TROUBLE AS LONG AS YOU UNDERSTAND MY METHOD OF DOING RESEARCH—
TROUBLE?
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I CLIMBED MOUNTAINS. . SWEATED JUNGLES. ..DOVE DEPTHS
I CAN'T DO THAT ANYMORE- SO NOW I PAINT, ..AND LET IT ALL COME TO ME
?

ACTION—Recent poses of Tim Tyler from King Features' merchandising catalog, and (far left) a recent daily showing the boy's current image.

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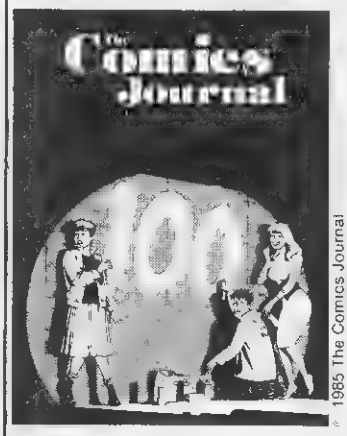

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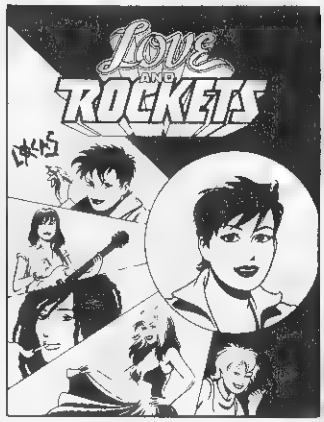

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NEMO #14: George McManus's art deco (splendid full-color cover!), Moon Mullins, more.

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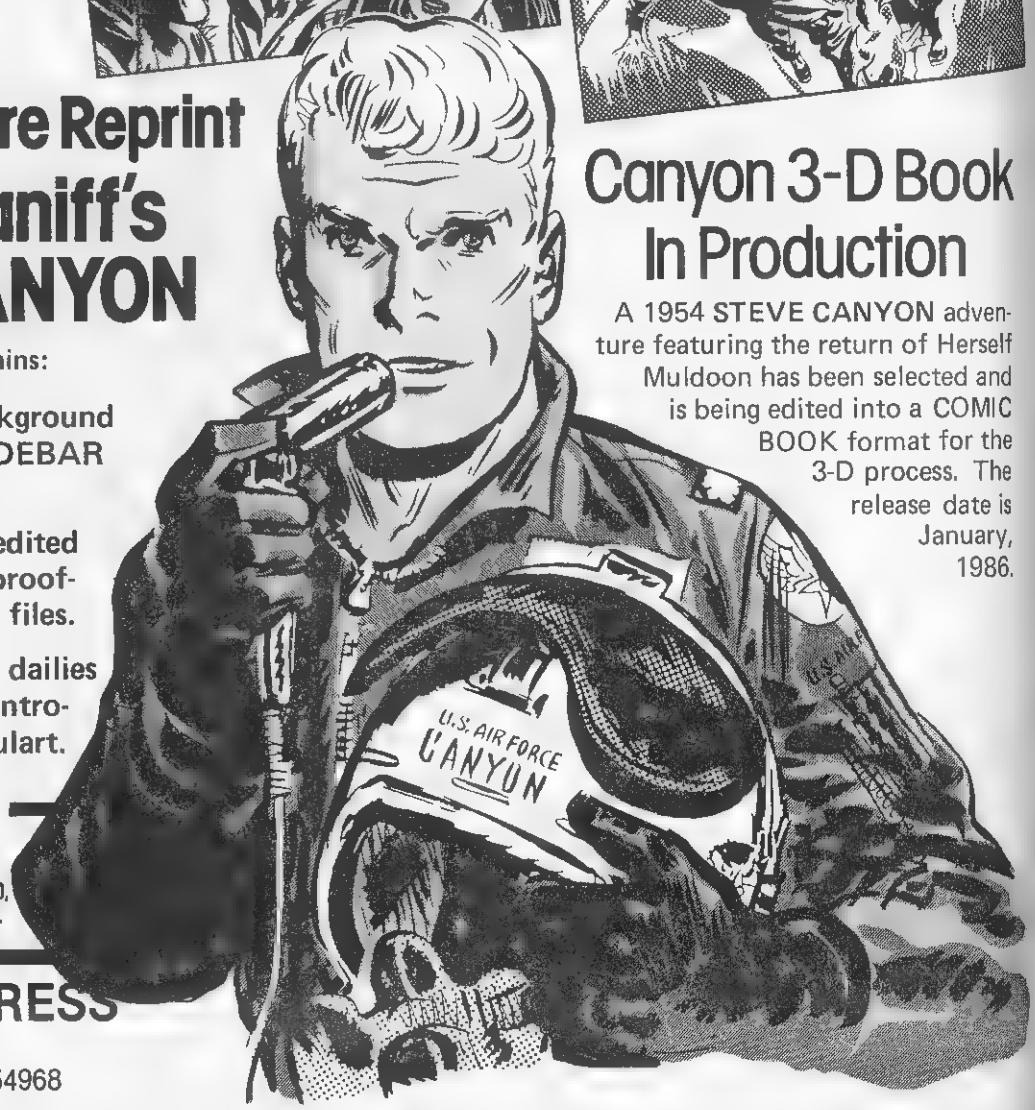

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A 1954 STEVE CANYON adventure featuring the return of Herself Muldoon has been selected and is being edited into a COMIC BOOK format for the 3-D process. The release date is January, 1986.

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Again...Curses, Foiled Again!

In this issue, *NEMO* presents part 2 of a 1924 *Hairbreadth Harry* daily sequence begun last issue, the first full reprint of C.W. Kahles's great strip yet collected. The reason for this has less to do with the quality of the strip than the syndicates that handled it.

The strip's first syndicate, the Philadelphia Press, was a fledgling outfit that offered few good strips, and which folded in 1915. The next syndicate was the original McClure Syndicate, which though a larger outfit, often distributed their matrial in a haphazard way, cutting corners and re-running old pages.

The final outlet was the Public Ledger, which came nearer to being a major syndicate. Kahles's work was widely printed throughout American newspapers, and this popularity was matched by his successor, F.O. Alexander. Alex's version was also seen in early comic books like *Famous Funnies*. He made the strip somewhat more serious, closer to 1920s-30s pulp stories than to the Victorian dime novel that Kahles satirized. Even so, Alex used plenty of tongue-in-cheek humor and fantastic adventures.

Unfortunately, the Ledger Syndicate of the 1930s seemed to be poorly managed, concentrating efforts on economizing at creators' expense and on not promoting their features. Largely because of these factors, the whole company soon folded.

Hairbreadth Harry was last printed more than 45 years ago. Many older people still remember it fondly. With the current interest in the history of cartoon art, it's time to revive this extraordinary strip from the past.

—*MARK JOHNSON*

A NEW HAND—Harry, Belinda, and Rudolph, in F.O. Alexander's distinctive style, March 3, 1934.

HARRY!!
THAT RAT HAS BEEN PLAYING POSSUM!! HE'S ESCAPING!!
HE WON'T GO FAR, BELINDA! WHEN YOU TRIPPED ON THAT WIRE, YOU ALSO SET OFF AN ALARM!
THE MUSEUM WAS SURROUNDED BY INSPECTOR NEWBERGH'S MEN AT ONCE! LOOK- THEY HAVE HIM NOW-
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. HOLLINGSWORTH: EVERYTHING WORKED JUST AS YOU PLANNED!!
WELL-NOT EXACTLY, "LOBSTER".
HE NEARLY STRANGLED ME! I HADN'T COUNTED ON THAT!
CURSE YOU, HARRY HOLLINGSWORTH!! IF THAT GAL HADN'T STIRRED ALL THAT COMMOTION, YOU'D BE A CLUMP OF CLAY NOW!!
MEANWHILE, WHAT OF ONE EVE AND THE LOOT?

SYNOPSIS

Harold Hollingsworth, once a boy wonder and now a young-manly wonder, takes his girlfriend, the lovely Belinda Blinks, on an aeroplane ride to see the sights of the stratosphere. While breaking all known altitude records the pair flies loose from gravity's control; they are saved from asphyxiation and boredom by landing in the Milky Way and enduring various creatures, not to mention puns on Things Dairy.

Again they get lost attempting to return to Earth, until they arrive on the bizarre planet Klukk, inhabited by all sorts of fowl creatures. With nothing better in sight, Harry decides to marry Belinda, but is interrupted by a spaceship crash in the midst of the ceremony. It is Rudolph Rassendale (hiss!), who has pursued them through time and space in order to make their lives miserable and capture fair Belinda. He schemes to have Harry thrown in jail on assorted suspicions, but Belinda escapes on a winged Pegasus.

Rudolph's fortunes are as inconsistent as Harry's. King Cockdoodle decides to make a dinner of the villain, but Rudolph eventually gets in the good graces of the monarch by telling snappy stories. Harry, however, engineers a scene wherein Rudolph mortally offends Queen Chickabiddy (it's called pulling the rug out from under him while greeting Her Majesty). Rudolph evades execution through escape tricks (taught him, he says, by Houdini), hypnotism, and prestidigitation. He flees the kingdom.

The vile Rassendale allies himself with an evil society of Klan-like appearance, and attempts are made to invade the kingdom. All the forays are notable failures, so the plotters try their hand at subversion; a revolt is stirred among ordinary klukks by slimy revolutionists on the theory that What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the propaganda.

At the moment when Hairbreadth Harry and the King appear to be threatened, Belinda, still on winged Pegasus, swoops down to save them. But just then something appears that sends them all into shock. What is it? We'll find out—after several lantern slides of early and classic Hairbreadth Harry *Sunday episodes—in just a few more pages.*

All strips from the collection of Mark Johnson

HAIRBREADTH HARRY, THE BOY HERO DRAWN BY C. W. KAHLES

A MESSAGE FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT
I'LL CUT HER OFF WITH A MILLION!
"X1122 H-E-L-P-O-1122" THESE REMARKABLE WORDS WERE BELLOWED BY OLD CROESUS IN HIS OFFICE ON THE 20TH FLOOR WHEN HE RECEIVED THE ABOVE TELEGRAM! JUST THEN OUR HERO HAIRBREADTH HARRY ENTERED THE ROOM
I WILL STOP THE WEDDING!
A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE MAN WHO STOPS THE WEDDING
"IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP THE WEDDING!" SHRIEKED CRO AS HE READ THE LETTER EXPOSING COUNT FLIMFLAM! "THERE ARE ONLY TWO MINUTES TO CATCH THE BLISSVILLE TRAIN!" SUDDENLY OUR HERO SHOUTED IN STENTORIAN TONES! "I WILL STOP THE WEDDING!"
20TH FLOOR
IT'S ALL UP!
ELEVATOR NOT RUNNING OUT OF ORDER
THIS WAY DOWN
THE ELEVATOR
TWO MINUTES
BUT JUST THEN A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED! HE SLIPPED ON A CAKE OF SOAP AND
HELP! STOP ME!
10TH FLOOR
DOWN, DOWN HE CRASHED, LIKE A METEOR, PAST THE TENTH FLOOR, AND GATHERING INCREASING MOMENTUM AT EACH FLIGHT UNTIL—
I'M A GONER!
2ND FLOOR
—HE SHOOTED THE LAST FLIGHT OF THE ARMORED DOOR! UNABLE TO CHECK HIMSELF HE HAD FLIGHT HE CRASHED THROUGH A LARGE PLATE GLASS WINDOW—
—AND LANDED IN THE STREET
FASTER FASTER
WE'LL MAKE IT YET!
¼ MILE TO STATION
OH JOY! THE OWNER OF THE AUTO WAS HEADING FOR THE SAME TRAIN, FULL SPEED! THE
AND I MISS THE BALL GAME!
TOO LATE!
BUT HORRORS! JUST AS THEY THUNDERED UP TO T... SIGHT MET THEIR VIEW! THE TRAIN WAS ... AND THEY WERE TOO LATE! ALL HOPE IS ... HE WAILED!!
BUT JUST THEN A FRIGHTFUL THING HAPPENED! WITH A TERRIFIC REPORT THE ... EXPLODED!!!
SAILING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A SHOT, OUR HERO LANDED IN THE CUPOLA OF THE NEW ... BUILDING! A BAG OUT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WAS OFFERED FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE
DO YOU TAKE THIS MAN?
OUR SCENE NOW SHIFTS TO THE RECTORY OF THE BLISSVILLE CHURCH. THE REV. LOVEJOY WAS JUST GIVING THE LAST TWIST TO THE MATRIMONIAL KNOT WHEN A REMARKABLE THING HAPPENED!
FOILED! BAFFLED!
NO WEDDING BELLS FOR HIM!
A RAGGED FIGURE BURST INTO THE ROOM AND SHOUTED IN THUNDEROUS TONES "THIS WEDDING MUST BE STOPPED!!!" IT WAS OUR GALLANT HERO WITH THE FATAL LETTER! LOOKING UP HE RECOGNIZED RELENTLESS RUDOLPH!
GET YE HENCE, MONSTER OF INIQUITY!
THAT'S RELENTLESS RUDOLPH, THE RASCALLY RUFFIAN!
CURSES ON HIM I'LL BE REVENGED
C.W. KAHLES
THE WEDDING WAS STOPPED AND THE BAFFLED MONSTER SNEAKED OFF WHILE THE WOULD-BE BRIDE FAINTED IN THE ARMS OF HER DELIVERER! SHE AFTERWARDS MARRIED A CHEESEMONGER AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER! BUT NEVER FORGOT OUR NOBLE AND DARING HERO, HAIRBREADTH HARRY.

Hairbreadth Harry

No Wedding Bells for Him!

By C. W. Kahles

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WHAT! YOU THROW ME DOWN AFTER WE'VE BEEN ENGAGED ALL THESE YEARS!
YES, DEAR! I'VE DECIDED NEVER TO MARRY! I HAVE MY OWN PROBLEMS TO SOLVE AND MATRIMONY WOULD SERIOUSLY HAMPER MY BRILLIANT CAREER. I MUST WORK OUT MY OWN DESTINY
ELYSIAN APTS.
THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR! I'LL MAKE MY WAY TO THE ROOF OF THIS TALL BUILDING
ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF WEDDED BLISS—AND THIS IS THE END!
18TH FLOOR
WHASSAT? LODGE? NIX! YOU STAY RIGHT HERE! YOU WERE OUT ONCE LAST MONTH!
15TH FLOOR
BUT, MY DEAR IT'S URGENT!
WILBUR, DEAR, WILL YOU FRY ME ANOTHER ONION?
YES, MY LOVE
MARRIED LIFE THE FIRST YEAR
NOT THAT! NOT THAT, CLEMENTINE: THAT WAS OUR ONLY WEDDING PRESENT!
IT'S THE SMILE THAT WINS
WORM!
YOUR RELATIVES! YOUR RELATIVES! WHO ARE YOUR RELATIVES, ANYWAY? NOTHIN' BUT A LOTTA BUMS! MY RELATIVES ARE THE VERY FIRST FAMILIES!
YEAH! I KNOW 'EM! THEY ARE ALWAYS FIRST— WHEN THE DINNER BELL RINGS!
AFTER THE FIRST YEAR, OBVIOUSLY
DEAR! DEAR! I WISH SOPHRONIA WOULD COME HOME!
BOO HOO! I'M GOING BACK TO MOTHER!
GO AHEAD! GO AHEAD! BUT IF YOU GIVE HER ANY OF MY CIGARS I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!
SPORTS
—AND DON'T FORGET THE WASHING AND THE SEWING. AND GIVE THE BABY HER MILK. I'M GOING TO THE MOTHERS' MEETING AND WON'T BE HOME TILL LATE!
—AND THE BREAKS YOU MADE LAST NIGHT.
BREAKS! WHADDYE MEAN, BREAKS! YOU PULLED SO MANY BONES I HADDA KICK YOU UNDER THE TABLE!
IT WAS MY WIFE'S EXTRAVAGANCE THAT DROVE ME TO THIS
ELYSIAN APTS.
OUT YOU GO! NO RENT, NO FLAT
DARLING, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT MATRIMONY!
SO HAVE I!
C.W.KAHLES 8-26

HAIRBREADTH HARRY
BY C.W. KAHLES
THE BOTTOMLESS WELL
OH, IF I ONLY GET BETTER AGAIN, DOCTOR, I'LL TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND REFORM
CURSES! I FEEL BETTER NOW! BRING ON MY HATED ENEMIES!
SO THIS IS THE OIL WELL I BOUGHT FROM THAT CITY SLICKER! STUNG AGAIN!
LITTLE RECKS HE THAT IT WAS I WHO SOLD HIM THAT, TO LURE HIM OUT HERE!
NOT A DROP OF OIL IN SIGHT!
KEYSTONE OIL FIELDS
JUST MY LUCK! WHENEVER I PUT MONEY IN AN OIL WELL THE BOTTOM IS SURE TO DROP OUT OF IT!
YOU WONT NEED ANY FORTUNE WHERE YOU'RE GOING
YOUR DREAM OF FORTUNE HAS GONE BLOOEY!
WELL, DON'T WORRY! THERE IS NO BOTTOM TO THIS WELL!
KEYSTONE O.K. FIELDS
HEH! HEH! HEH! NO SOUNDINGS HAVE EVER FATHOMED THE DEPTH OF THAT HOLE AND NOTHING EVER CAME OUT OF IT ALIVE
GOSH! THEY WEREN'T SUCH BAD SKATES AT THAT GEE! HOW I MISS THEM! LIFE IS KINDER DULL WITHOUT THEIR STIMULATING PRESENCE! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR NOW! I MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE SPARED HER!
KEEP OFF THE GRASS PARK PEPT
THE PRICKINGS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.
OH WHY DID I MAKE AWAY WITH THEM!" THEY WERE SUCH A NICE COUPLE! O-O O-H-H! THEIR SPIRITS HAUNT ME EVERYWHERE I SEEM TO SEE THEIR HAUNTING EYES AND THEIR ACCUSING FINGERS!
THE TERRIBLE GNAWINGS OF FEAR AND REMORSE.
IS THERE NO ESCAPE FROM THIS AWFUL CURSE? I'LL FLEE TO SOME DISTANT LAND! MAYBE THERE I CAN SHAKE OFF THIS OPPRESSIVE NIGHTMARE!
THE FRIGHTFUL EFFECT OF A CRIME-HAUNTED MIND.
HIM ALLEE SAMEE GOOD GUY
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN PARTIALLY ATONE FOR MY AWFUL CRIME. I'LL DE VOTE THE REST OF MY LIFE TO REFORM ING THE HEATHEN CHINEE
HEADQUARTERS REFORM LEAGUE
THE MISSIONARY IN CHINA
NOW REMEMBER, MY LITTLE KIDDIES, YOU MUST MIND YOUR MAMAS AND PAPAS, AND CHEW YOUR CHOP SUEY GOOD AND NEVER PLAY WITH DYNAMITE OR HIT YOUR LITTLE SISTER WITH A STONE CRUSHER OR PUT PRUSSIC ACID IN THE BABY'S MILK
THIS LOT FOR SALE PRICE 100 YEN
NOW I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY OF THE WICKED POLLY POLECAT WHO PUSHED IKEY ICHTYOSAURUS INTO A DISH OF APPLESAUCE, NOW BEFORE EMMA EMU AND GUSSIE GNU AND AURELIUS AUK COULD SOLVE THEIR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE WHO SHOULD BOB UP BUT——
HIM VELLY SMART FELLY
BIGALOTTA BUNKUM
HIM SMOKUM HOP
SO THIS IS CHINA!
AWK! THE CLASS IS DISMISSED!
THE INTERRUPTED STORY
SO YOU'RE THE OWNER OF THIS LOT, EH! WELL, HERE'S DOUBLE YOUR PRICE FOR IT
VELLY MUCHUM BLIGE
MY GOSH! THAT'S OIL!
THIS LOT FOR SALE PRICE 100 YEN
A LITTLE OILY BUT STILL IN THE RING
I REPRESENT THE HONK-HONK OIL COMPANY. I'LL GIVE YOU A MILLION FOR THAT GUSHER, SPOT CASH!
OH WASN'T THAT A LUCKY TRIP!
CURSES! WILL NOTHING KEEP THAT GUY DOWN?! I'LL GET HIM YET!
WELL, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER CLEANED UP ON AN OIL WELL THAT THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT OF!
CWKAHLES

Hairbreadth Harry's Ongoing, Melodramatic, Death-Defying, S-F Strip Adventures!

"Through Time and Space"—Part II

IT'S THE TERRIBLE FROG-FACED PFUMPF!
SAVE US!
EACH ONE FOR HIMSELF!
AS EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS, THE FROG-FACED PFUMPF IS THE GREEDIEST AND AWFULEST ANIMAL IN KLUCKLAND
THERE THEY GO! I'M SORRY I COULD NOT SAVE THEM!
GULLUP
SORRY BE BLOWED! THAT'LL SAVE US A LOT O' TROUBLE
GOOD BYE RUDOLPH! HE WAS A BAD EGG BUT HE WASN'T ALL YELLOW!
HA! HA! SERVES 'EM RIGHT!
UM YUM!
HELP
WOOF! WOOF!
GR-R-R-R!
MY GOODNESS! NOW HERE'S THE HATCHET-FACED PHOOEY!!! BUT LET 'EM FIGHT IT OUT TO-MORROW!
SWISH
OUCH!
THE NEXT MOMENT THE HATCHET-FACED PHOOEY SMOTE THE FROG-FACED PFUMPF A GRIEVOUS SMITE—
GR-R
THE BULL DOG DEATH GRIP
OW!
DAYLIGHT AGAIN!
BUT OUR NECKS WERE ALMOST SEVERED!
—AND CLOVE IT IN TWAIN JUST ABOVE THE MIDRIFF, DISCLOSING THE MAPS OF THE WAR LORDS!!!
THAT WAS A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!
FORTUNATELY FOR US THEY BATTLED EACH OTHER TO THE DEATH!
WE MUST REORGANIZE THIS WAR ON MORE MODERN AND CIVILIZED LINES OF FRIGHTFULNESS! WE HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY TOO OLD-FASHIONED AND HUMANE!
YES! WE WILL MAKE ALL HUMANITY SHUDDER AT OUR TERRIBLE DEEDS OF VIOLENCE!
WAR COUNCIL
AND EVEN AS ALL KLUCKLAND IS REJOICING AT THE FINISH OF THE WAR LORDS AND THE END OF THE WAR THAT BELLICOSE PAIR IS PLANNING FRESH HORRORS...
POOR RUDOLPH! HE WAS A FOEMAN WORTHY OF MY STEEL AND WITHOUT HIM LIFE WILL BE FLAT, VAPID, INSIPID. IT WAS TERRIBLE TO SEE HIM SWALLOWED UP BY THAT AWFUL FROG-FACED PFUMPF!
TOO BAD! TOO BAD!
WHADDYE MEAN, TOO BAD! AIN'T WE HAD WAR ENOUGH? DIDN'T HE MAKE US A PACK OF TROUBLE!
WE'RE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE BUT SINCE YOU INTRUDERS CAME TO OUR LAND ITS BEEN NOTHING BUT WAR! WAR! WAR! CALL YOURSELF CIVILIZED, HUH! I'M SICK OF THIS WAR STUFF!
WELL! DIDN'T I WIN THE WAR FOR YOU? AIN'T IT ALL OVER NOW?
AN ARROW!
THERE'S A MESSAGE WRAPPED AROUND IT!
DECLARATION OF WAR TO EXTERMINATION! BEWARE!! REVENGE!! DEATH TO COCKDOODLE AND HIS MINION! NO PRISONERS AND NO QUARTER! RUDOLPH
OWK!
THAT GUY IS UBIQUITOUS!
THE MESSAGE
THE WAR IS ON AGAIN! AND THIS TIME IT WILL BE TERRIBLER THAN EVER! THE HEAVENS WILL SHUDDER AT IT!
I HAVE REORGANIZED YOUR ARMY ON STRICTLY MODERN LINES OF FRIGHTFULNESS AND WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE BIG PUSH!
ATTABOY! NOW LET'S REVIEW THE TROOPS
GENERAL HEADQU
THAT'S A COMPANY OF SAPPERS AND TRENCH SCOOPERS, FOLLOWED BY A MASKED BATTERY OF SCHRECKLICHKEITS
UNDERGROUND ORDER OF MOLES No 6
REVIEWING STAND
THAT'S A REGIMENT OF SHOCK TROOPS WITH A FULL QUOTA OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE. THEY WERE RECRUITED FROM THE TRUCK DRIVERS' AND LONGSHOREMEN'S UNION. THE TOUGHEST ENEMY WILL RUN WHEN IT HEARS THEM
BLANKETTY BLANK! BLANK!!!
SHOCKING!
THERE'S A UNIT OF MINNIEWERFERS, FOLLOWED BY A DRY BATTERY OF EX-TANKS! THEY'VE HAD LOTS OF EXPERIENCE IN MOPPING UP.
ALL READY FOR THE ZERO HOUR!
AND THAT AIN'T THE HALF! BUT WE MUST KNOCK OFF HERE. THE CARNAGE BEGINS NEXT WEEK! LOOK OUT!
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C.W. KAHLES

Hairbreadth Harry dailies 5-21-24 to 7-16-24

THE ENEMY IS AT OUR GATES AND OUR DEFENCES ARE NOT READY! WE ARE LOST!
AH! THIS SEWER EXCAVATION GIVES ME AN IDEA!
GLASS FACTORY
DANGER!
OH WITH THE WAR AND LET HORROR REIGN SUPREME! THIS STRUGGLE WILL HAVE TO BE FOUGHT TO THE LAST DITCH!
THIS SHEET OF PLATE GLASS MAY SAVE YOUR KINGDOM FROM A CRASH
GLASS FACTORY
DANGER!
LOOK OUT FOR THE SEWER EXCAVATION!
TAKE OUR LIVES BUT SPARE OUR SKATING RINK, BASE BARBARIANS!
IT IS USELESS TO RESIST OUR INVINCIBLE ARMY IS WITHOUT THE GATES
OUR TERMS ARE UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!
NO DANGER!
SKATING HERE TO DAY ARTIFICIAL ICE
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YOU ARE OUR PRISONERS!
YOU'RE SKATING ON THIN ICE WHEN YOU MONKEY WITH ME, OLD TOSSERS!
CRASH!
DANGER!
ARTIFICIAL ICE
THAT REMOVES THE IMMEDIATE DANGER OF THE INVADERS, BUT WHAT NEXT, (BUSINESS AS USUAL TO-MORROW)
WE'LL KEEP THESE BIMBOS IN THEIR PRISON AND FETCH THE COURT MARTIAL AND EXECUTIONER, ALL FAIR AND SQUARE
AND DID YOU SEE THEIR ARMY BEAT IT WHEN WE TRAPPED THEIR LEADERS
AW' GIVE US A CHANCE FOR OUR LIVES, CANTCHA!
THERE! I GUESS THAT'LL HOLD 'EM SAFE
NOW YOU GO AND FETCH THE PROPER AUTHORITIES WHILE I STAND GUARD OVER THEIR LIVING TOMB
HELP!
NOW WE'LL DISPOSE OF THIS PRECIOUS PAIR IN TRUE MILITARY FASHION AND HEAVEN HELP 'EM!
HELP!
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GONE!
BUT HOW!
WHERE DID THEY GET TO?
MOST REMARKABLE! THERE WAS NO POSSIBLE LOOPHOLE!
VANISHED COMPLETELY!
HERE'S A BAFFLING MYSTERY INDEED! BUT FOR ITS SOLUTION WE'LL REQUIRE ANOTHER CHAPTER.
WELCOME BACK TO OUR LINES, CHIEFS
GREAT WORK CAPTAIN WEEZIL. BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT?
SAVED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH IN THE NICK OF TIME!
THIS SOLVES THE BAFFLING MYSTERY OF THE WAR LORDS' ESCAPE FROM THEIR LIVING TOMB
WHEN WE SAW YOU DISAPPEAR IN THEIR TRAP WE PUT THE COMPANY OF SAPPERS AND MINERS TO WORK TO TUNNEL A WAY TO YOUR UNDERGROUND PRISON.
FINE! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
UNDERGROUND ORDER OF MOLES N°6
HE SHALL HAVE AN IRON MEDAL
MOST MYSTERIOUS! WE HAD THEM TRAPPED AND WHEN WE WERE READY TO CONVICT MARTIAL 'EM THEY VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE!
HOW UNCANNY!
THUMP THUMP
IT HAPPENED RIGHT OVER THERE BY THE GLASS FACTORY
I HOPE THE EARTH OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED THEM FOR GOOD!
GONE!!
HELP!
NOW THE WAR IS ASSUMING STAGGERING PROPORTIONS! WHEN THE ENEMY CARRIES OFF OUR WOMEN IT IS TIME FOR DRASTIC MEASURES
OUR SAPPERS DID A GREAT PIECE OF TUNNELING AND HAVE BLOCKED ALL ATTEMPTS TO FOLLOW US
A GREAT VICTORY FOR US!
UNDERLYING ORDER OF MOLES N°5
WITH HER AS A HOSTAGE THE WAR IS AS GOOD AS WON!
WE CAN FORCE OUR OWN PEACE TERMS ON THEM
LEAVE ME BE, YOU NASTY LOAFERS!
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—— AND THEN I JUMPED IN AFTER HER BUT THE PASSAGE WAS CLOSED!
ANOTHER DEEP MYSTERY!
AWRK!
SURRENDER UNCONDITIONALLY AND ACCEPT OUR TERMS OR BELINDA DIES AT SUNDOWN GEN. RUDOLPH GEN WOLF
AND THE NEXT MOMENT A TERRIBLE MESSAGE STARED THEM IN THE FACE!
I'LL NEVER SURRENDER!
BUT HOW ABOUT BELINDA AND THE SUN IS SINKING FAST!
LAST ULTIMATUM! SURRENDER UNCONDITIONALLY BEFORE SUNDOWN OR OFF GOES BELINDA'S HEAD! Rudolph
TO SURRENDER MEANS RUIN TO KLUCKLAND! TO REFUSE MEANS GOOD-BYE BELINDA! WHICH SHALL IT BE?!!
WHO GOES THERE?
KLUCKORIA
PASS, WIDDY LADY
A POOR OLD WIDDY LADY WOTS GOT SOME FRESH EGGS FOR THE CHIEF'S BREAKFAST
THAT EVENING A TUTTERING OLD DAME MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEEN APPROACHING THE ENEMY'S LINES.
HA! HA! HA! YOUR FRIENDS HAVE ABANDONED YOU TO YOUR FATE! THEY REFUSE TO SURRENDER SO WHEN THAT SUN SETS YOUR DOOM IS SEALED!
I SPURN YOU!
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HA' HA! YOUR EXECUTIONER IS NOW ON HIS WAY
GOING DOWN
I GOT PAST THE SENTRY ALL RIGHT BUT HOW CAN I BUST INTO THIS IMPREGNABLE STRONGHOLD? ANSWER ME THAT!
YEP! IT'S OUR HERO, BUT TO WHAT AVAIL? HE IS UP AGAINST A DEADLY IMPASSE! TO-MORROW THE EXECUTION SHOULD

WHERE IS YOUR EXECUTIONER ON THE STROKE OF SUNSET
DO YOUR STUFF!
I AM READY SIR!
STRIKE DEEP AND TRUE, KIDDO!
MY BLADE IS KEEN AND MY ARM IS STRONG
WE'LL SHOW 'EM THAT WE MEAN BIZ
IF I HAD A THOUSAND NECKS I'D GIVE THEM ALL FOR MY HERO
OOF!! MISSED HER!
OWCH!
HE FOOZLED!
CLEAN AS A WHISTLE
YES, IT IS I! I WAYLAID THE EXECUTIONER ON THE WAY INTO THE PRISON, OVERPOWERED HIM AND EXCHANGED CLOTHES! QUICK! THERE IS NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE!
HARRY!
THE RED DISC SANK BELOW THE HORIZON THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN AND A SINISTER FIGURE APPEARED!
THE NEXT MOMENT THE MIGHTY BLADE SWISHED THRO' THE AIR AND CLEFT— BUT LOOK!!
THERE IS LITTLE MORE TO BE TOLD! BY THE TIME THE EFFICIENT SURGEONS GOT THE TWO CLODKS GLUED TO GETHER AGAIN OUR HERO AND HEROINE WERE SAFELY OVER THE LINES!
FOREWORD: THE IMPERIAL BUZZARD OF THE KLUCK-KLUCK KLANS DECLARED WAR ON THE PEACEFUL KLUCK LANDERS BECAUSE HE DIDN'T LIKE KING COCKDOODLE'S FACE — NOW ON WITH THE STORY
WITH OUR FACTORIES TURNING OUT HEAVY GUNS WE WILL SOON WIN THE WAR.
IT WAS A LUCKY THOUGHT OF MINE THIS ARTILLERY!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS DEVASTATING STRUGGLE RUDOLPH HAS INTRODUCED ARTILLERY SO NOW THE FIGHT FOR SELF-DETERMINATION OF FACE ASSUMES NEW HORRORS!
THE ENEMY IS VERY QUIET, I'LL RECONNOITER HIS FRONT
WHAT LUCK! THERE'S KING COCKDOODLE HIMSELF WALKING RIGHT INTO OUR MASKED BATTERY
DON'T FIRE UNTIL YOU SEE THE GOLD IN HIS TEETH
FORT
OUCH!
BANG
THE NEXT MOMENT A CANNON BALL BOUNCED OFF HIS BEAN
THE KING IS HIT AND WE CANNOT SAVE HIM!
FORT COCKALORUM
AND MID A HORRIFIC HAIL OF HEAVY HARDWARE 'THE GREAT KING WENT DOWN!!
I WILL SAVE THE KING!
IMPOSSIBLE! YOU'RE CRAZY!
BUT NOTHING CAN LIVE IN THAT BARRAGE OF STEEL OUT THERE IN NO MAN'S LAND!
I DEFY THEIR ARTILLERY!
SLOPOOK
IF I CAN KEEP TWO JUMPS AHEAD OF THAT HEAVY CRUMP I'M SAFE!
YOU SEE, I DODGED BETWEEN THEIR SHOTS, THEN BEAT THEM OUT
YOU SAVED MY LIFE AND I AWARD YOU WITH THE ORDER OF THE IRON SAUCER!
HE'S AN ARTFUL DODGER
WHEN KING COCKDOODLE FELL AN AWSOME HUSH ENSHROUDED ALL, BROKEN ONLY BY THE GENTLE ROAR OF THE ENEMIES HEAVY DRUMFIRE! SUDDENLY OUR HEROS WOKE ROSE ABOVE THE MADDENING DIN! I'LL SAVE HIM!
THIS WAR IS GETTING MORE AND MORE BARBARIOUSLY BRUTAL, IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL, SOMEBODY'LL GET HURT!
LOOKS LIKE A BIG VICTORY FOR US! NOW WHEN GEN VON KLUCK EXTENDS HIS RIGHT WING, AS I ORDERED HIM TO DO, THE ENEMY WILL BE SURROUNDED AND ANNIHILATED!
FINE STRATEGY!
BUT WHERE IS OUR RIGHT WING? THE ENEMY IS BUSTING IN OUR CENTER AND OUR LINE IS IN RETREAT!
WE ARE DEFEATED!
IT DIDN'T WORK, BOSS!
YOU KLUCK! WHY DIDN'T YOU EXTEND YOUR RIGHT WING AS ORDERED"
I DID, BUT A SHOT CARRIED IT OFF!
OWK!
BONE!
THE CASUALTIES ARE PILING UP FRIGHTFILLY!
WE LOST OUR BATTLE YESTERDAY BUT I'VE GOT A PLAN OF CAMPAIGN THAT WILL RETRIEVE OUR LOSSES AND CRUSH THE ENEMY COMPLETELY. HERE IT IS:—
SH-H-H! NOT HERE AMONG THESE TREES! SPIES MAY BE LURKING AMONG THEM!
THIS IS A SAFE PLACE I LIKE TO BE OUT IN THE OPEN WHEN I'M DISCUSSING MILITARY SECRETS
NOW HERE'S THE PLAN AND IT'S A CRUSHER
AMMUNITION DUMP KEEP OFF THIS DOCK
HIGH EXPLOSIVES WITH CARE
SOME STRATEGY, EH? ALL IT REQUIRES IS ABSOLUTE SECRECY AND WE CAN SLIP THE COUP DE GRACE OVER ON THEM
FINE! FINE! BUT IF THE ENEMY GETS WIND OF IT WE'RE LOST!
AMMUNITION DUMP KEEP OFF THIS DOCK
HIGH EXPLOSIVES WITH CARE
AFTER AN HOUR OF INTENSIVE CHIN WORK
OOPSY!
ALL UP FOR THE SEVENTH INNING STRETCH!
HIGH EXPLOSIVES WITH CARE
MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE INFO, OLD TOSSERS!
SPY!
BUNKED!
HIGH EXPLOSIVES WITH CARE
THE BOARD OF STRATEGY IS OVERBOARD!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, PAINTING UP OUR GENERAL HEADQUARTERS ALL THE COLORS OF THE RAINBOW?
THAT'S CAMOUFLAGE! MAKES IT LOOK LIKE A FLOWER GARDEN FROM THE AIR AND DISGUISES IT FROM AERIAL SPIES
YOU'RE CERTAINLY A GENIUS ON THIS MODERN WARFARE STRATEGY!
NOW, YOU SEE, WE CAN HOLD OUR WAR COUNCILS WITHOUT FEAR OF HOSTILE AIR ATTACKS
OWK!
I SUPPOSE THEY USE THAT THING FOR TARGET PRACTICE AND I SURE DID HIT THE BULLS EYE
CAMOUFLAGE, BAH!
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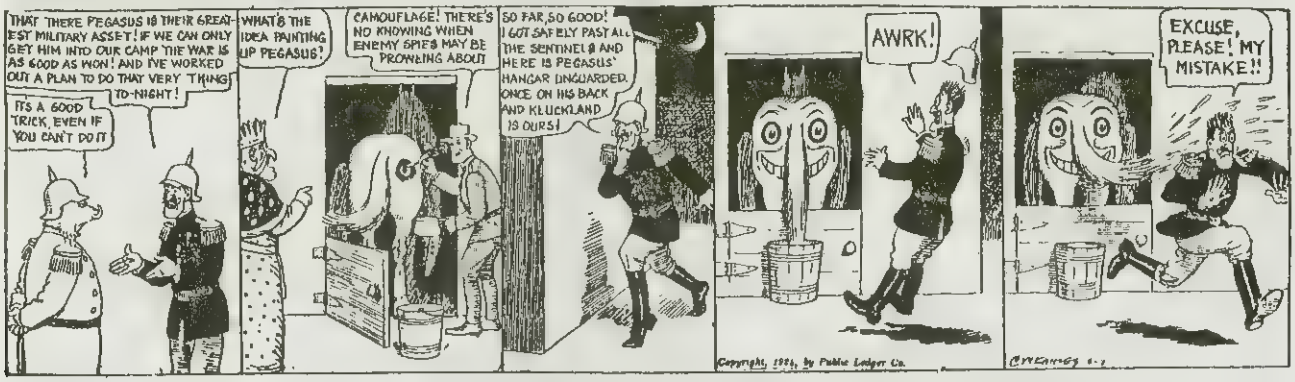
THAT THERE PEGASUS IS THEIR GREATEST MILITARY ASSET! IF WE CAN ONLY GET HIM INTO OUR CAMP THE WAR IS AS GOOD AS WON! AND I'VE WORKED OUT A PLAN TO DO THAT VERY THING TO-NIGHT!
IT'S A GOOD TRICK, EVEN IF YOU CAN'T DO IT
WHAT'S THE IDEA PAINTING UP PEGASUS?
CAMOUFLAGE! THERE'S NO KNOWING WHEN ENEMY SPIES MAY BE PROWLING ABOUT
SO FAR, SO GOOD! I GOT SAFELY PAST ALL THE SENTINELS AND HERE IS PEGASUS' HANGAR UNGUARDED. ONCE ON HIS BACK AND KLUCKLAND IS OURS!
AWRK!
EXCUSE, PLEASE! MY MISTAKE!!
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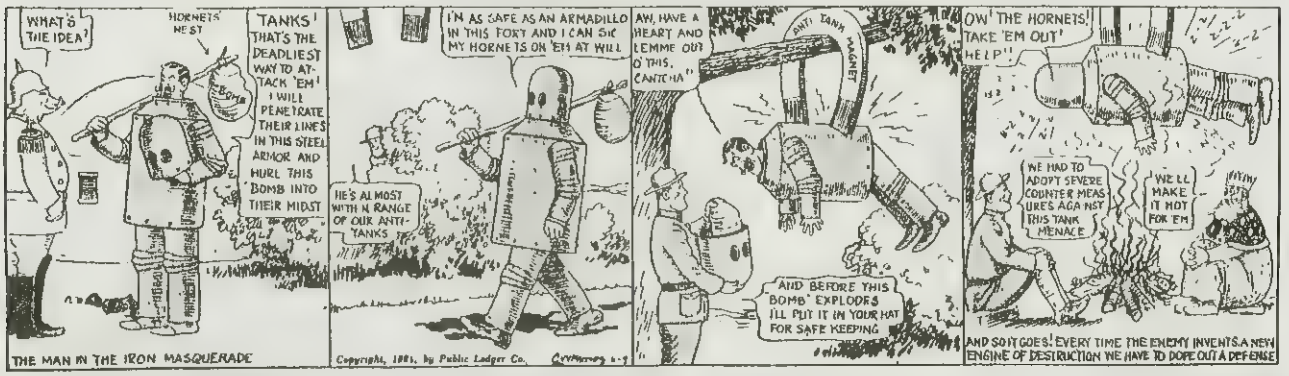
WHAT'S THE IDEA?
HORNETS' NEST
BOMB
TANKS! THAT'S THE DEADLIEST WAY TO ATTACK 'EM! I WILL PENETRATE THEIR LINES IN THIS STEEL ARMOR AND HURL THIS BOMB INTO THEIR MIDST
THE MAN IN THE IRON MASQUERADE
I'M AS SAFE AS AN ARMADILLO IN THIS FORT AND I CAN SIC MY HORNETS ON 'EM AT WILL
HE'S ALMOST WITH N RANGE OF OUR ANTI-TANKS
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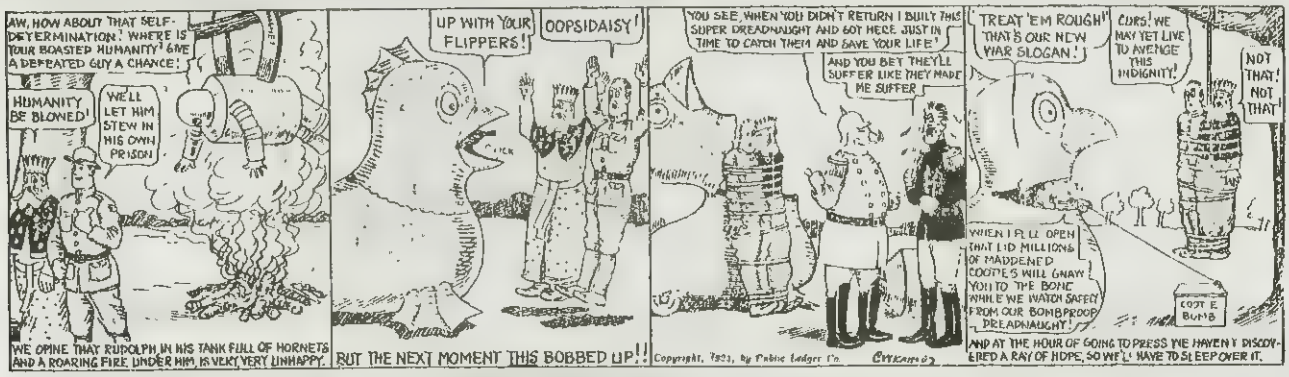
AW, HAVE A HEART AND LEMME OUT O' THIS, CANTCHA"
ANTI TANK MAGNET
AND BEFORE THIS BOMB EXPLODES I'LL PUT IT IN YOUR HAT FOR SAFE KEEPING
OW! THE HORNETS! TAKE 'EM OUT' HELP!!
WE HAD TO ADOPT SEVERE COUNTER MEASURES AGAINST THIS TANK MENACE
WE'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR 'EM
AND SO IT GOES! EVERY TIME THE ENEMY INVENTS A NEW ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION WE HAVE TO DOPE OUT A DEFENSE


AW, HOW ABOUT THAT SELF-DETERMINATION! WHERE IS YOUR BOASTED HUMANITY? GIVE A DEFEATED GUY A CHANCE!
HUMANITY BE BLOWED!
WE'LL LET HIM STEW IN HIS OWN PRISON
WE OPINE THAT RUDOLPH IN HIS TANK FULL OF HORNETS AND A ROARING FIRE UNDER HIM, IS VERY, VERY UNHAPPY.
UP WITH YOUR FLIPPERS!
OOPSIDAISY!
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT THIS BOBBED UP!!
YOU SEE, WHEN YOU DIDN'T RETURN I BUILT THIS SUPER DREADNAUGHT AND GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO CATCH THEM AND SAVE YOUR LIFE!
AND YOU BET THEY'LL SUFFER LIKE THEY MADE ME SUFFER
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"TREAT 'EM ROUGH" THAT'S OUR NEW WAR SLOGAN!
CURS! WE MAY YET LIVE TO AVENGE THIS INDIGNITY!
NOT THAT! NOT THAT
WHEN I PULL OPEN THAT LID MILLIONS OF MADDENED COOTIES WILL GNAW YOU TO THE BONE WHILE WE WATCH SAFELY FROM OUR BOMBPROOF DREADNAUGHT!
COOTIE BOMB
AND AT THE HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS WE HAVEN'T DISCOVERED A RAY OF HOPE, SO WE'LL HAVE TO SLEEP OVER IT.

HA! HA! HA! WE ARE SAFE FROM ALL HARM IN OUR DREADNAUGHT!
IT'S THE AWFUL POP EYED WHOOZIZ
COOTIE BOMB
BUT HARDLY HAD THE COOTIES BEEN RELEASED WHEN A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED FROM THE TREETOP!
WE'RE ALL GONERS!
OUR LID IS OFF!
COOTIE BOMB
AND THE NEXT MOMENT THE WHOLE OUTFIT WAS AT THE MERCY OF THE FEROCIOUS WHOOZIZ.
WE'LL ALL PERISH TOGETHER!
WE'LL BE LUNCH FOR THE WHOLE WHOOZIZ FAMILY!
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NOW WHAT?
OW!
WE ARE CUT OFF FROM THE MAIN WORKS!
SUDDENLY A MEAT CHOPPER DROPPED FROM THE SKY, SEVERING HOME TIES! (SURE, IT'LL BE CONTINUED)

OW!
NOW WE'RE DONE FOR!
THAT PROVIDENTIAL MEAT AX SAVED OUR LIVES BUT WHO WAS OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL?
WHEN I SAW YOUR PERIL I HOVERED OVER THIS TREE AND DROPPED THE CLEAVER WITH DEADLY ACCURACY!
BELINDA!
THERE IS NO HOPE!
ONCE HE GETS US INTO HIS CAVE GOOD NIGHT!
WURRA, WURRA!
OUR ONLY CHANCE!
BUT WHAT GOOD IS A CANE?
HAW HAW! (RAUCOUS LAUGHTER FROM US) LIKE A DROWNING MAN GRABBING AT A STRAW! LET'S SEE WHAT THE SILLY CAD EXPECTS TO DO WITH THAT STICK TO-MORROW!
GET THE IDEA?
HOPE IT WORKS!
FINE!
CRACK
OUR IDEA IS THAT THESE SPURS WERE PUT ON THIS BEAST BY A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE JUST FOR THIS PURPOSE
SAVED FROM THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH!
NOW WE'VE GOT TIME TO ARM OURSELVES AND AMBUSH THE ENEMY BEFORE THEY GET BACK TO THEIR LINES
RUDOLPH WILL NEVER TROUBLE US AGAIN, THANKS TO YOU!
DIDJA SEE THAT AWFUL BEAST CARRY 'EM OFF TO HIS CAVE!
HERE THEY COME! AND NOW LET'S MAKE A CLEAN JOB OF IT, ONLY SPARE BELINDA FOR ME
OH WELL, DON'T LET'S WORRY ABOUT TO-MORROW UNTIL WE GET TO IT. WE'LL KNOCK OFF HERE FOR THE DAY.
NOW! THAT RUDOLPH AND HIS CHIEF, WOLFGANG VON WEEZIL, ARE OUT OF THE WAY WE SHALL CELEBRATE IN FEASTING AND REJOICING
STRIKE STRONG AND TRUE!
I'M SO GLAD WE HAVE NOTHING MORE TO FEAR FROM THEM
AMBUSHED!
IT'S THE UNCOMMON OR GARDENHOSE VARIETY OF RUBBER SNAKE!
WHAT THA~!
TREACHERY
GOODNESS! THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!
BUT THOSE SMITES WERE NEVER SMOTE, FOR JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE RUFFIANS' ARMS WERE ARRESTED
HA! HA! HA! YOU THOUGHT TO ENSNARE US BUT NOW YOU ARE HOPELESSLY ENMESHED!
AW, HAVE A HEART AND CUT THIS THINGS HEAD OFF!
GOOD OH THEM!
OH JIGGERYJIGGS! HE'S INCLUDING US IN HIS CLOSE CORPORATION!
SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR NOT PUTTING IT OUT OF BUSINESS WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE!
WE'LL ALL DIE TOGETHER!
BUT BEFORE YOU COULD SAY BJAZKOVITCHSHI BORIS BZROBINZONZMYSL THE GARDENHOSE SNAKE HAD OUR WHOLE OUTFIT IN ITS TOILS! (THIS WILL PROBABLY SOMEDAY LOOK LIKE THE FIRST WORD)
THE WORST IS YET TO COME!
OH LOOK!
KOO!
KOO!
KOO!
GOODNESS! YOU'D THINK IT WAS BAD ENOUGH BEING BUNDLED UP BY AN UNCOMMON OR GARDENHOSE SNAKE, BUT WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE NEXT PICTURE! BUT DON'T LOOK UNLESS YOU HAVE A STOUT HEART AND STRONG NERVES!
IT'S THE JAG-TOOTHED RIPSAW!
AND WE CAN'T RAISE A FINGER TO SAVE OURSELVES!
KOO
KOO
THE FAMISH PEGASUS HAS SAVED US!
SNAP
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT THE TERRIBLE TAWS SNAPPED ON VACANT SPACE!!!
THIS IS TOO MUCH!
BUT SUDDENLY THE WUMPUS-FACED WOMBAT WOBBLED BEFORE THEM! (LET'S FACE THIS THING LIKE HE HEW TO-MORROW)
WE ARE HELPLESS AND HAVEN'T A CHANCE ON EARTH!
THIS WUMPUS FACED WOMBAT SEEMS TO HAVE EVERYTHING HIS OWN WAY, WHAT WITH PEGASUS' TEETH BEING OTHERWISE ENGAGED AND THE OTHERS BOUND UP IN THE GARDENHOSE SNAKE
OUCH!
WE'LL ALL BE DASHED TO DEATH 10,000 FEET BELOW!
UNFORTUNATELY THE BELLICOSE PEGASUS HAD ONLY ONE SET OF TEETH AND THESE HE HAD TO USE IN SELF DEFENSE
'TIS PASSING QUEER! THE KING'S DAILY BAWTH HATH BEEN READY FOR HOURS BUT HE DOTH NOT APPEAR.
MAYHAP HE HATH FALLEN INTO SLOVENLY WAYS
SOAP
ROYAL BATH
FIRST AND SECOND LORDS OF THE ROYAL BATH.
DESECRATION!
POLLUTION!
WHOOSH! JUST THEN A PRETTY MESS PLUNKED INTO THE LAVENDER WATER! (NOT WEATHER TO-MORROW)

AND NOW WE'LL GET THE JAILER AND HAVE THEM CONFINED IN YOUR DEEPEST DUNGEON
THE ROYAL GUARD WILL SURROUND THE BATH AND PREVENT THEIR CLIMBING OUT
WELL! WELL! KING CUCKDOODLE FELL INTO HIS OWN BATH TUB AND IT SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A LUCKY FALL FOR ALL EXCEPT RUDOLPH AND HIS WICKED SIDE KICK, VON WEEZIL
LOOK! THE DRAIN!
G-O-N-E!!
AND SO IS MY TUBFUL OF LAVENDER WATER!
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FREEDOM!
DANCE A SEWER
THAT SEWER WASN'T EXACTLY A RHINE JOURNEY BUT IT BROUGHT US TO ELYSIUM
WELL, WE CAN'T CALL THEIR GETAWAY CLEAN (SEE HERE) BUT IT LOOKS SAFE! (BUT THIS IS NOT THE END)
I'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS LULL IN THE EXCITEMENT BY A QUIET INVESTIGATION OF THE FLORA AND FAUNA OF THIS QUEER LAND
AFTER THE TERRIFIC EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS A LITTLE QUIET SIGHTSEEING WILL CALM OUR NERVES AND RELAX THE TENSION.
QUICKSAND!
BUT RIGHT AWAY WE GET IN BAD!
I AM FAR FROM HELP AND SOON I'LL BE BURIED IN THIS DEADLY QUAGMIRE!
MOO-O
MOO-O
MOO-O
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MO-O-O
S-S-S
S-S-S
JUST THEN A DARK STREAK PASSED ABOVE HIM! IT WAS THE LONG-TAILED BJINX!!
OH WELL, I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THAT THING THAN BE BURIED IN MUD!
OF COURSE THE BJINX PULLED HIM OUT BUT WHAT'S THE GOOD OF IT? RIGHT BEHIND HIM IS THE DELIRIUMUS TREMONINUS! (AND, BY THE WAY, WE'VE A NOTION TO CONTINUE THIS TO MORROW)
I CANNOT HOPE TO OUTRUN THIS TERRIBLE MONSTER! MY ONLY HOPE IS TO OUTWIT IT!
NOW AS EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS, THE DELIRIUMUS TREMONINUS IS PRACTICALLY UNESCAPABLE ONCE IT SPOTS YOU, UNLESS YOU USE AWFULLY CLEVER HEADWORK
ONE MORE TWIST AND—
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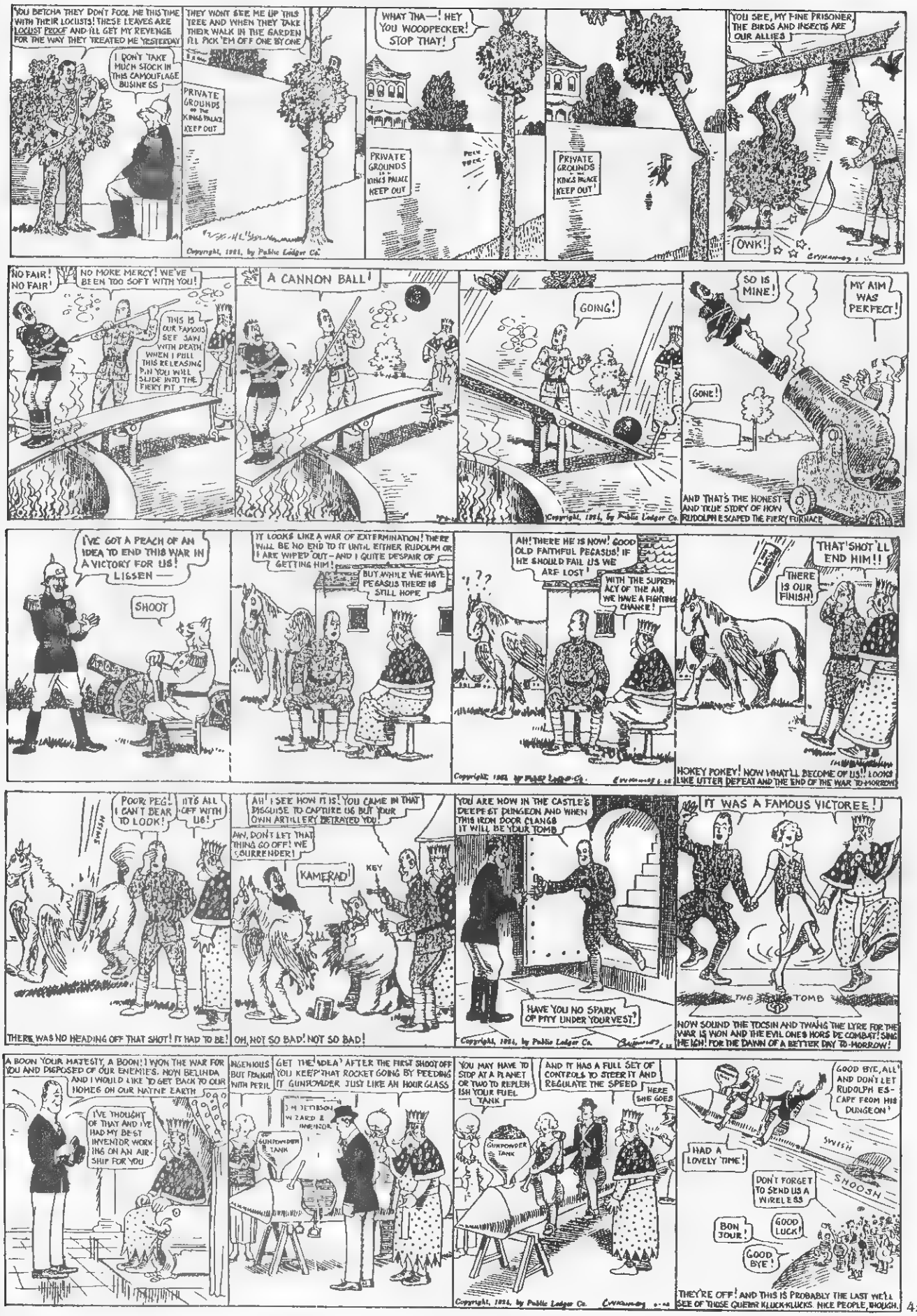
IF THIS FAILS I'M A GONER!
TRY THIS STUNT YOURSELF THE NEXT TIME YOU MEET A DELIRIUMUS TREMONINUS, BUT WE DON'T GUARANTEE IT.
IT WORKED!
WURROO!
YOU SEE, ABOUT THE ONLY CHANCE YOU HAVE IS TO MANEUVER HIM INTO THE PRETZEL TWIST AND TIE HIM INTO A KNOT, WHICH PRACTICALLY PUTS HIM OUT OF BUSINESS.
GR-O-O-O
BUT HARDLY HAD OUR HERO PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER FROM THE LAST ENCOUNTER WHEN WHAT SHOULD HE RUN SMACK UP AGAINST BUT A DREADFUL GROOLY HOOFLEGOOF
URK
NOW AS EVERY ERUDITE CHILD KNOWS THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO CIRCUMVENT A HUNGRY HOOFLE GOOF AND THAT IS TO DESTROY HIS VORACIOUS APPETITE THIS CAN
BE BEST BE DONE BY DIVING DOWN HIS THROAT, GRABBING HIM BY THE SOUTHERN ELEVATION OF HIS ESOPHAGUS,
Copyright, 1924, by Public Ledger Co.
IT'S A LITTLE MESSY ON THE CLOTHES, BUT EFFECTIVE
AND TURNING HIM INSIDE OUT! THIS RENDERS HIS CRAVING FOR FOOD NULL AND VOID, DEADENS HIS INTEREST IN LIFE AND MAKES HIM PRACTICALLY USELESS.
GET THE IDEA? I STEAL UP CLOSE TO THEIR LINES DISGUISED AS A TREE AND THEN SNIPE THEM AT WILL
YOU'RE A GENIUS AT STRATEGY
THE ENEMY IS VERY QUIET TO DAY
NOTHING STIRRING BUT THE LEAVES
PRETTY SOFT! THEY SUSPECT NOTHING THEY SHALL SOON FEEL MY POISONOUS DARTS WITHOUT KNOWING WHENCE THEY COME
LOCUSTS!
I'LL SEND OUT THESE DOVES OF PEACE
CURSES! THEY'VE DENUDED ME OF MY FOLIAGE!!
AS I SUSPECTED, THAT TREE IS PHONEY!
EXPOSED!
WHAT'S THE IDEA COMING BACK CAMOUFLAGED AS A BIRD?
AW, SHUT UP AND PULL OUT THESE PIN FEATHERS!
THE RELENTLESS DRIVE FOR VICTORY GOES ON!


YOU BETCHA THEY DON'T FOOL ME THIS TIME WITH THEIR LOCUSTS! THESE LEAVES ARE LOCUST PROOF AND I'LL GET MY REVENGE FOR THE WAY THEY TREATED ME YESTERDAY
I DON'T TAKE MUCH STOCK IN THIS CAMOUFLAGE BUSINESS
THEY WONT SEE ME UP THIS TREE AND WHEN THEY TAKE THEIR WALK IN THE GARDEN I'LL PICK 'EM OFF ONE BY ONE
PRIVATE GROUNDS OF THE KING'S PALACE KEEP OUT
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WHAT THA—! HEY YOU WOODPECKER! STOP THAT!
PRIVATE GROUNDS KING'S PALACE KEEP OUT
PRIVATE GROUNDS KINGS PALACE KEEP OUT!
YOU SEE, MY FINE PRISONER, THE BIRDS AND INSECTS ARE OUR ALLIES
OWK!
NO FAIR! NO FAIR!
NO MORE MERCY! WE'VE BEEN TOO SOFT WITH YOU!
THIS IS OUR FAMOUS SEE SAW WITH DEATH WHEN I PULL THIS RELEASING PIN YOU WILL SLIDE INTO THE FIERY PIT
A CANNON BALL!
GOING!
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SO IS MINE!
MY AIM WAS PERFECT!
GONE!
AND THAT'S THE HONEST AND TRUE STORY OF HOW RUDOLPH ESCAPED THE FIERY FURNACE
I'VE GOT A PEACH OF AN IDEA TO END THIS WAR IN A VICTORY FOR US! LISSEN —
SHOOT
IT LOOKS LIKE A WAR OF EXTERMINATION! THERE WILL BE NO END TO IT UNTIL EITHER RUDOLPH OR I ARE WIPED OUT — AND I QUITE DESPAIR OF GETTING HIM!
BUT WHILE WE HAVE PEGASUS THERE IS STILL HOPE
AH! THERE HE IS NOW! GOOD OLD FAITHFUL PEGASUS! IF HE SHOULD FAIL US WE ARE LOST!
WITH THE SUPREMACY OF THE AIR WE HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE!
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THAT SHOT'LL END HIM!!
THERE IS OUR FINISH!
HOKEY POKEY! NOW WHAT'LL BECOME OF US!! LOOKS LIKE UTTER DEFEAT AND THE END OF THE WAR TO-MORROW!
SWISH
POOR PEG! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!
IT'S ALL OFF WITH US!
THERE WAS NO HEADING OFF THAT SHOT! IT HAD TO BE!
AH! I SEE HOW IT IS! YOU CAME IN THAT DISGUISE TO CAPTURE US BUT YOUR OWN ARTILLERY BETRAYED YOU!
AW, DON'T LET THAT THING GO OFF! WE SURRENDER!
KAMERAD!
KEY
OH, NOT SO BAD! NOT SO BAD!
YOU ARE NOW IN THE CASTLE'S DEEPEST DUNGEON AND WHEN THIS IRON DOOR CLANGS IT WILL BE YOUR TOMB
HAVE YOU NO SPARK OF PITY UNDER YOUR VEST?
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IT WAS A FAMOUS VICTOREE!
THE TOMB
NOW SOUND THE TOCSIN AND TWANG THE LYRE FOR THE WAR IS WON AND THE EVIL ONES HORS DE COMBAT! SING HEIGH! FOR THE DAWN OF A BETTER DAY TO-MORROW!
A BOON YOUR MAJESTY, A BOON! I WON THE WAR FOR YOU AND DISPOSED OF OUR ENEMIES. NOW BELINDA AND I WOULD LIKE TO GET BACK TO OUR HOMES ON OUR NATIVE EARTH SO
I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT AND I'VE HAD MY BEST INVENTOR WORKING ON AN AIRSHIP FOR YOU
INGENIOUS BUT FRAUGHT WITH PERIL
GET THE IDEA? AFTER THE FIRST SHOOT OFF YOU KEEP THAT ROCKET GOING BY FEEDING IT GUNPOWDER JUST LIKE AN HOUR GLASS
H. M. JETTISON WIZARD & INVENTOR
GUNPOWDER TANK
YOU MAY HAVE TO STOP AT A PLANET OR TWO TO REPLENISH YOUR FUEL TANK
AND IT HAS A FULL SET OF CONTROLS TO STEER IT AND REGULATE THE SPEED
HERE SHE GOES
GUNPOWDER TANK
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GOOD BYE, ALL! AND DON'T LET RUDOLPH ESCAPE FROM HIS DUNGEON!
SWISH
HAD A LOVELY TIME!
DON'T FORGET TO SEND US A WIRELESS
SHOOSH
BON JOUR!
GOOD LUCK!
GOOD BYE!
THEY'RE OFF! AND THIS IS PROBABLY THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF THOSE QUEERY KLUCK-KLUCKS. NICE PEOPLE, THOUGH.

WELL, THEY'VE GOT ME AT LAST AND I'M BURIED ALIVE IN A DUNGEON SO DEEP I CAN ALMOST SMELL THE BRIMSTONE
IT'S A FORLORN HOPE, BUT I'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO AND I MIGHT BE ABLE TO TUNNEL MY WAY OUT OF THIS ABYSMAL HOLE!
WHO'S THERE?
WHAT'S THE IDEA TRYIN' TO BUST INTO MY PLACE?
ER-ER-EXCUSE IT, PLEASE, MISTER! MY MISTAKE!!
—AND IF YOU SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU WANT
YOU'RE ON! AND TO BEGIN WITH I WANT A BOWL OF POTTAGE
A FINE PAIR OF HARDBOILDS! IT'S OUR GUESS THAT NO GOOD WILL COME OF THIS PARTNERSHIP
NOW REMEMBER THE TERMS OF OUR CONTRACT YOU SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO ME AND IN RETURN I'LL GRATIFY YOUR EVERY WISH
FINE! AND OH BOY! I'VE GOT A LOT OF WISHES I WANT GRATIFIED!
STEAM HEATED
THE BOSS HAS HOOKED ANOTHER CUSTOMER
PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE BIG DJINN
YESTERDAY YOU SAW HOW RUDOLPH, HOPELESSLY BURIED DOWN IN HIS DEEP DUNGEON, TUNNELED HIMSELF INTO THE OFFICE OF THE WICKED GENIE NOW ON WITH THE DANCE
AND WHEN YOU NEED ME JUST RUB YOUR CONTRACT AND REPEAT THE MAGIC WORDS
THANKS, OLD BOY! I ENJOYED MY VISIT IMMENSELY. A BIT WARM BUT SOCIABLE
THIS WAY OUT
ASBESTOS
AND REMEMBER THE FIDDLER MUST BE PAID!
WELCOME STRANGER
WHEW! I'M GLAD I'M OUT OF THAT! GOSH! DON'T I WISH I WAS BACK ON BROADWAY IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK, U.S.A. AGAIN
SO LONG! AND DON'T FORGET YOUR WISHES!
BROADWAY TIMES SQ
AFFORDABLE GREAT RATE
WELL, WHAT D'YE KNOW ABOUT THAT!
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH RUDOLPH HAD A POWERFUL ALLY IN THAT GENIE AND IT'S GOING TO PUT AN AWFUL STRAIN ON OUR HERO
OUR FUEL TANK IS GETTING LOW
SWOOSH
GUNPOWDER
WE'LL HAVE TO STOP AT THE NEXT PLANET WE MEET TO REPLENISH
HERE WE ARE, TRAVELING AT TERRIFIC SPEED FOR HOME ON OUR ROCKET-AIRSHIP WE DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'LL LAND BUT ANYHOW IT'S A PERFECTLY THRILLING RIDE.
LAND HO!
ACCORDING TO THE CHART THAT'S VENUS, BUT THE SCIENTISTS SAY THERE'S NO LIFE ON THAT PLANET
THIS BLOOMIN' SPHEROID LOOKS KINDA DEAD. YOU WAIT THERE AND I'LL SCOUT AROUND AND SEE IF IT IS INHABITED
IF IT ISN'T WE'RE GONERS
OH BOY! I'LL SAY IT'S INHABITED!
OH LOVELY! SO THIS IS VENUS! NICE PLANET, WE'LL 'OCIFERATE! THE GUY WHO NAMED IT KNEW SOMETHING AWRIGHT! MORE TO-MORROW!
BEG PARDON, LADIES, BUT—
OH LOOK!
NEVER SAW A THING LIKE THAT BEFORE!
WHAT A QUEER LOOKING ANIMAL!
YES-SIR-EE-BOB! A VER-EE ATTRACTIVE PLANET IS VENUS! LOVELY FLORA AND FAUNA, ESPECIALLY FLORA. HOPE THEY RUN EXCURSIONS UP THERE SOON.
—YOU SEE, I'M LOOKING FOR SOME GUNPOWDER
OH! IT WANTS TO PLAY WITH FIRE
WHY, IT'S TAME
OH! ISN'T IT TOO CUTE FOR ANYTHING
OH DEAR! I WONDER WHAT CAN BE KEEPING HARRY. HE TAKES SUCH DREADFUL CHANCES AND MAY BE EATEN UP BY SOME WILD ANIMALS OR SOMETHING. THESE WILD, UNKNOWN PLACES ARE SO DANGEROUS!
AND OF COURSE IF HARRY IS IN DANGER ANYWHERE BELINDA WANTS TO SHARE IT WITH HIM. NATURALLY.
WELL I'LL BE —
WE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THERE'S GUNPOWDER
ISN'T IT DEAR
WHAT DID IT CALL ITSELF? A MAN?
IT SEEMS THAT VENUS IS AN ADAMLESS EDEN OF BATHING BEAUTIES AND OUR HERO IS THE FIRST MAN TO SET FOOT ON IT!
CHEESIT THE COPESS!
I'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!
AW, BE REASONABLE! I WAS ONLY ASKING THEM WHERE I COULD GET SOME GUNPOWDER! HONEST, BELINDA!
VERILY, VERILY, THIS QUEST OF GUNPOWDER IS DANGEROUS BUSINESS! THE SITUATION IS LOADED WITH DYNAMITE!
WILL YOU ACCOMPANY ME PEACEFULLY OR MUST I BE ROUGH WITH YOU!
THE I DEER! THE HUSSY!!
WHAT'S THE CHARGE OFFICER?
I PICKED UP THIS QUEER LOOKING OBJECT RUNNING AROUND LOOSE AND LOOKING FOR GUNPOWDER, YOUR HONOR. IT CALLS ITSELF A MAN
MAGISTRATES BENCH OF THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER PART I
DANGEROUS ANIMAL TO BE AT LARGE. PUT HIM IN THE MOOSE-GOW. NEXT CASE!
BLM, YOUR HONOR—
COME ALONG! NO ARGUMENT, OR YOU'LL GET PLASTERED WITH CONTEMPT OF COURT BESIDES!
JUSTICE MOVES SWIFTLY, RELENTLESSLY, INEXORABLY IN THE COURTS OF VENUS, AND NO MONKEY BUSINESS

NOW I'M IN A PRETTY PICKLE! I'M THE ONLY MAN ON THIS PLANET OF BATHING BEAUTIES AND HERE I AM THROWN INTO A DUNGEON WHERE I'LL PROBABLY BE LEFT TO STARVE AND ROT
LIFE LOOKS DARK AND DISMAL FOR OUR HERO, NOT ONLY IS HE IMPRISONED ON THIS FAR OFF PLANET BUT JAILED BESIDES
THIS INCARCERATION IS EXTREMELY IRKSOME TO ONE OF MY ENERGETIC NATURE AND IF WILL SOON DRIVE ME MAD! WHAT WILL BECOME OF POOR BELINDA THEN!
PARDON ME, I'M YOUR JAILOR. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR DINNER? WE HAVE LADY FINGERS, COQUETTE CROQUETTES, DEVILED CHICKEN, CANDY KIDS, JILL PICKLES MASHED PEACHERINES WITH SHEEPS' EYES AND NECTAR
UM-YUM!
AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR DESERT- ROSEBUD KISSES OR CHERRY CRUSH?
NOT BAD! NOT BAD!
STILL AND ALL, THIS HERE NOW PRISON LIFE ON VENUS AIN'T SO DUST I, EVERY CELL HAS A LITTLE SUNSHINE.
HERE ARE THE MEDICAL EXAMINERS TO GIVE YOU THE ONCE OVER AHD IN O BE INTO YOUR SANITY
I'LL TRY AND BEAR UP UNDER THE ORDEAL
FOREWORD: OUR HERO IS IMPRISONED FOR TRESPASSING ON THE PLANET VENUS WHICH IS INHABITED ENTIRELY BY BATHING BEAUTIES AND WHERE MAN IS UNKNOWN.
YOU SAY YOU'RE A MAN? LET'S SEE YOUR TONGUE WAG! DO YOUR EARS FLAP! DOES YOUR MOUTH OPEN WHEN YOU EAT? GIVE 9 REASONS WHY YOU LOOK SO LOPPISH.
WE'LL SEE HOW ITS HEART IS NOW SAY AH!
AH H H H!
ITS PULSE IS VERY RAPID AND IRREGULAR AND ITS NERVES ARE JUMPY
ITS EYES LOOK A LITTLE WILD — JUST LET ME LOOK CLOSER
YOU HAVE SOME DANGEROUS SYMPTOMS. WE'LL COME AGAIN AND GIVE YOU A MORE EXHAUSTIVE EXAMINATION
DON'T BE GONE LONG BECAUSE I FEEL I'M GONNA BE AWFUL SICK
BOO! HOO! POOR HARRY IS IMPRISONED IN THAT AWFUL DONJON AND CAN'T ESCAPE! DI HI! WHAT'LL BECOME OF HIM? POOR HARRY!
NOT BAD LOOKING BUT TERRIBLY OVERDRESSED
BUT I'LL RESCUE HIM AND GET HIM OUT OF THAT HOLE IF I HAVE TO SMASH THE JAIL!!
NOW LEMME SEE! AFTER BREAKFAST SWIMMING LESSONS IN THE BIG TANK. AT 10 APPOINTMENT WITH THE MEDICAL EXAMINERS. AT 11, READING EXERCISES WITH THE WARDENESS, THEN DINNER WITH JAILORESS; SIESTA; VISITORS AT 3; THEN PROMENADE AND RECEPTION IN THE AUDITORIUM, THEN —
THE START OF A PERFECT DAY
THE MEDICAL EXAMINERS REPORT YOU PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND HERE'S A PARDON FROM THE GOVERNESS
OH GOODY
WHAT DY'E MEAN PARDON? WHO WANTS A PARDON? I KNOW MY CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS! THEY CAN'T PUT ME OUT! HERE I WAS SENT BY THE JUDGE AND HERE I STAY!
OH VERY WELL
THE IDEA OF THE GOVERNESS PARDONING ME! I GUESS I KNOW MY LEGAL RIGHTS! THEY CAN'T PUT ME OUT OF THIS JAIL UNTIL MY SENTENCE IS UP. RIGHT IS RIGHT!
RULES PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR AS YOU GO OUT
NOT A BAD JAIL, IF YOU ASK ME! AND SOME NIFTY JAILORS! AND THE PRISONERS! OH BOY! I WONDER WHAT KINDA CRIME WOULD GET ME A LIFE SENTENCE!
RULES REGARDING SWIMMING TANK BETWEEN 2 & 4 P.M.
MEALS WITH OR WITHOUT MUSIC
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET YOU OUT OF THAT AWFUL JAIL!
WHAT'S THE IDEA DRAGGING ME THROUGH THAT DARK TUNNEL?!
HI-HUM! EVERYTHING BORES ME! THIS GAY NIGHT LIFE KILLS ME WITH ENNUI. WITHOUT BELINDA AND HARRY IN MY LIFE THE WORLD IS DULL AND VAPID!
MIDNIGHT ROOF THE GIDDY WIDOWS
SCANDALS AT 1924
AH YES! MY CONTRACT WITH THE EVIL GENIE HE SAID TO SUMMON HIM WITH THE MAGIC WORDS WHENEVER I WANTED ANYTHING AND NOW I'LL GIVE HIM A TRYOUT
DID YOU SUMMON ME?
YES! I WANT TO BE WHERE HARRY AND BELINDA ARE, WHERE EVER THAT IS!
RIGHTO! THIS GUY WILL BE VERY USEFUL TOME
BACK TO EARTH! AND HERE IS RUDOLPH ON THE GREAT WHITE WAY SURROUNDED WITH LUXURY AND AMUSEMENT BUT THERE'S A CERTAIN SOMETHING LACKING.
ALL ABOARD FOR VENUS! QUICK AND EASY TRANSPORTATION AND A PECK OF TROUBLE AT THE END OF THE LINE.

YOU QUIT FLIRTING WITH THESE VENUSES AND GET ME AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!
WELL, HOW ARE WE GONA GET AWAY IF I DON'T GO TO THE BUREAU OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES TO GET GUNPOWDER FOR OUR ROCKET!
POWDER PUFF
MAYBE I CAN RISK ONE EYE
DON'T YOU TAKE OFF THOSE BLINDERS! AND HURRY BACK AS FAST AS YOU CAN!
POWDER
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IT'S JUST ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER! NOW THAT WE'VE GOTTEN RID OF RUDOLPH PERMANENTLY THESE VENUS SIRENS HAVE TO MAKE TROUBLE! I CAN'T HAVE A MINUTE'S PEACE!
OH WELL! I OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL THAT I HAVEN'T THE TERRIBLE RUDOLPH TO WORRY ABOUT ANY MORE! WE SETTLED THAT PESTS HASH FOR GOOD, THAT'S A COMFORT
HERE YOU ARE!
AH THERE, LITTLE ONE! KINDA LONESOME, HUH' HEH! HEH' HEH! HEH!
RUDOLPH!
NOW IT COMMENCES AGAIN!!
HEH! HEH' HEH! YOU CANNOT ELUDE ME, FAIR DAME! YOU SEE I HAVE TRACKED YOU TO THE FARTHEST CORNERS OF THE UNIVERSE AND NOW YOU ARE MINE FOR KEEPS!
HELP! WOE IS ME! NOW I AM UN DONE FOR FAIR
WHOA!
IS THERE NO ESCAPE FROM THIS MONSTER!
OH BEBBY!
BUMP
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PARDON! YOUR BACK SEEMS VERY FAMILIAR!
WELL, THE IDEA! TO THROW ME DOWN LIKE THAT! AND FOR THAT HUSSY!
I NEVER WAS SO INSULTED IN MY LIFE!!
A FURIOUS BIRD IS A WOMAN SCORNED! (COMPLICATIONS NEXT WEEK)
A FINE FIX' IF I DON'T FIND SOME GUNPOWDER FOR OUR ROCKET-AIRSHIP WE'RE STRANDED ON THIS BULB OF BATHING BEAUTIES FOR KEEPS
MINNIE, MAUD & MABEL
COAL YARDS, SARSAPARILLA AND WASH WRINGERS
QUEEN STREET
SYNOPSIS: OUR HERO AND HEROINE LANDED ON THE PLANET VENUS TO REPLENISH THEIR TANK WITH GUNPOWDER AND SO FAR THE QUEST HAS BEEN FUTILE, NOW PROCEED AT YOUR PERIL.
ARSENAL
HERE'S LUCK! JUST THE PLACE I'M LOOKING FOR!
POWDER MAGAZINE
DANGER!! CAUTION!!! THIS DEPT IS HIGH TENSION AND FLARES UP EASILY
I'LL HAVE TO BE AWFULLY NICE TO HER TO GAIN MY OBJECT
CHIEF OF POWDER BUREAU
GLADYS, THE BEAUTIFUL BUREAU DRAWER
WHAT KIND OF POWDER DO YOU WISH?
WHAT KIND HAVE YOU, DANGEROUS BEAUTY?
CHIEF OF POWDER BUREAU
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WE HAVE TALCUM, FACE, TOOTH AND FOOT, BUT YOU'LL FIND THIS INSECT POWDER THE MOST DEADLY!
PHOO
OF POWDER BEAU
LOOKS LIKE THE BUREAU OF COMESTIBLES INSTEAD OF COMBUSTIBLES! (MORE TO-MORROW)
WELL, IF I DON'T GET SOME GUNPOWDER HERE IT'S ALL OFF! THESE BUILDERS MUST BLAST WITH SOMETHING BESIDES TOILET POWDER
ESSIE, BESSIE AND TESSIE VENUS CONSTRUCTION CO. CONTRACTORS, BUILDING MATERIALS PIGS FEET, PIES, POKER CHIPS & INSIDE STRAIGHTS
ON PLUSH LANE
THE GREAT GUNPOWDER SHORTAGE PERSISTS
SAY, ESSIE, ON THE LEVEL! CAN'T YOU SPARE ME A LITTLE GUNPOWDER TO GET HOME WITH IN MY ROCKET?
OFFICE
WHAT IS GUN-POWDER?
ESSIE'S BRICK YARD
WHY IT'S—ER—YOU KNOW—WHAT YOU PROPEL A MISSILE WITH
WHAT'S A MISSILE?
YARD
THE INNOCENT MISS
A MISSILE IS—ER-UM—WELL, YOU SEE, MISS, IF IT HITS YOU IT'S A BRICK, AND IF IT MISSES IT'S A MISSILE!
I SEE, BUT—
—WE HAVE NO MISSILES TO-DAY, BUT PLENTY BRICKS!
I SEE!
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HERE'S A FINE HOWDE DO! NOT A SPECK OF GUNPOWDER ON THIS COSMETIC SPHERE! NOTHING BUT TALCUM, FACE, TOOTH AND FOOT POWDERS AND WE CAN'T PROPEL OUR ROCKET ON THAT' WE'RE HOPELESSLY MAROONED!
FLORA, DORA & CO. BEAUTY PARLORS, MOUSE TRAPS AND SHEET METAL WORKERS
CURSES! IF I ONLY HAD HARRY IN MY CLUTCHES I'D BLOW HIM TO BLAZES IF I ONLY HAD THE BLASTING POWDER! I MUST SUMMON THE EVIL GENIE AGAIN
GO TO BOTTIE SIMPLE'S FOR BOILERS, PIG IRON AND LIPSTICKS
VENUS & PSYCHE AVES.
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DID YOU ORDER THIS?
YES, OLD BOY! I NEED IT TO DESTROY MY ENEMIES
GUN POWDER
GOOD BYE! BE SURE TO CALL ME WHEN YOU NEED ME BUT DON'T FORGET THE MAGIC WORDS: 'EENIE WEENIE WOOF WOOF'
I WON'T FORGET! BUT WITH THIS HIGH EXPLOSIVE I'LL BE PRACTICALLY INVINCIBLE
GUNPOWDER
FORGET IT!
GUNPOWDER
BUSINESS OF JARRING RUDOLPH'S MEMORY SO HE CAN'T SUMMON REINFORCEMENTS

Prince Valiant

IN THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR
BY HAROLD R FOSTER

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The Great European Comic Heroes

by R. J. M. Lofficier and Fred Patten

Lucky Luke

The Man Who Shoots Faster Than His Own Shadow

Lucky Luke, "the man who shoots faster than his own shadow," is just becoming known to the American public, thanks to the recent appearance here of the *Lucky Luke* animated cartoons. But in Europe Lucky Luke has been a star for more than 30 years, thanks to his comic-strip adventures.

Lucky Luke was created in 1946 by Maurice de Bevere, a 22-year-old Belgian cartoonist who used an Anglicization of his first name as a pseudonym. It was serialized in the weekly magazine *Spirou*. At first *Lucky Luke* was crudely drawn, and was only a mildly humorous reworking of Western movie cliches. But Morris had a genuine devotion to the cowboy West, so much so that in 1948 he left Belgium to spend six years in America gathering local color. During this time he regularly shipped his *Lucky Luke* pages to *Spirou* by mail. Also at this time Morris met a young French cartoonist, Rene Goscinny, who was working for Harvey Kurtzman and the EC shop in New York. Goscinny was also a fan of the mythic West, and the two became close friends.

In 1955 Morris and Goscinny both returned to Europe, and Goscinny became the regular writer for *Lucky Luke*; he injected clever, original humor into the series, turning it from a broad parody of general Western stereotypes into a series of delightful pastiches of specific Western movies (such as *Stagecoach*) and actual events and characters (Emperor Norton; the visit of the Russian Grand Duke). Under the talents of this creative team, *Lucky Luke* became one of the top graphic-novel series in Europe, ranking with *Tintin* and *Asterix*.

Lucky Luke continued in *Spirou* until 1968. In 1959 Rene Goscinny had also become one of the editors of the new French weekly magazine *Pilote*, for which he created *Asterix the Gaul*. The prolific Goscinny also wrote other comics for still other artists and publishers, and in 1968 he decided to transfer all his work to his own magazine. *Lucky Luke* therefore moved to *Pilote* magazine. *Pilote* was aimed at an older readership than *Spirou*, and this allowed Morris and Goscinny to show Luke drinking something stronger than milk at Western bars. Morris also got to draw slightly more risque dance-hall girls.

Lucky Luke continued its reliable weekly serialization in *Pilote* for several years. In 1974 it was felt that the hero was popular enough to support his own monthly comic magazine. However, the monthly *Lucky Luke* only lasted 12 issues. Instead of returning to *Pilote*, which was changing into an adult humor magazine, *Lucky Luke* moved to the French edition of *Tintin* magazine (separate from the Belgian edition), and then to serialization in French newspapers and newsmagazines. The *Lucky Luke* adventures that originally appeared in *Spirou* magazine are still in print in album format from *Spirou*'s Belgian publisher, Editions Dupuis. All subsequent *Lucky Luke* stories have been collected in albums by the French publisher, Dargaud.

Rene Goscinny died in 1978. The *Lucky Luke* albums have continued to appear each year, but each one now seems to be by a different writer. Many of these are veterans, such as Bob de Moor, one of Herge's oldest assistants on *Tintin*; and Lo Harton van Banda, a Dutch cartoonist with several popular strips of his own. They have kept the *Lucky Luke* stories at a high level of quality even if they cannot quite match Goscinny's special genius. The most recent album, *The Daily Star*, carries the byline of two writers, X. Fauche and J. Leturgie. Although these sound like pseudonyms, thy are reportedly both young writers in a comics shop that the 61-year-old Morris is putting together to guarantee the future production of *Lucky Luke* adventures.

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Lucky Luke (right) and Jolly Jumper

The *Lucky Luke* stories are set in the mythic period of the cowboy West. Luke, as a true legendary hero, wanders at will throughout this period. His earliest adventures, historically speaking, are guiding a wagon train to California (early 1850s) and participating in the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania (1859). Luke has completely avoided involvement in any Civil War events, although he does get mixed up with the Pony Express (early 1860s). After the War Luke really shows up everywhere, from the completion of the transcontinental railroad to the Oklahoma land rush and later.

Luke is the essence of the cowboy hero—lean, taciturn, around 30, nothing known about his past. He seems to have had little formal education, but he's extremely intelligent and is obviously knowledgeable about such "tenderfeet" as Chopin and Shakespeare. A couple of stories refer to him as a Texan, but he really considers the entire West his home. In some stories he appears as an unknown roaming cowboy; in others he is a famous hero, entrusted by the government with special missions. His good deeds are often parodies of those of Western movie good guys, but he has killed often enough to make it

LEFT—The Dalton Brothers.
RIGHT—An example of the famous faces who make cameo apearances in *Lucky Luke*.

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clear that he has no objection to gunning down a villain when it's necessary. He also drinks whisky and is always smoking a cigarette (which you can be sure won't be allowed in the Saturday-morning TV animation series that the Hanna-Barbera studio is preparing). Luke has no close attachments with anyone other than his loyal horse, Jolly Jumper.

Jolly Jumper is the character who has evolved the most. For the first two dozen albums, he was only an ordinary cowboy's horse—or at least an ordinary cowboy-star's horse, similar to Roy Rogers's Trigger. Around the mid-1960s, shortly before *Lucky Luke*'s move to *Pilote* magazine, Jolly Jumper began to get silent "thinking" lines, like those of Snoopy in *Peanuts*. The readers liked this, and soon Jolly Jumper turned into the series' loveable grouch, commenting on affairs with a biting sarcasm. Jolly Jumper also began performing tricks that far surpassed the ability of any normal horse. Like Snoopy, it's often hard to tell how much his wit is noticed by the human cast around him. There is no attempt to be consistent here; whatever gag works best, the authors use. Jolly Jumper may be "mere transportation" in one story, while another story will show him playing chess with Luke.

Luke has faced just about every Western badman, but his only continual enemies are the notorious Daltons. This developed in an unusual manner. In one of the first stories, *Outlaws*, when Morris was still experimenting, Lucky Luke confronted the famous Dalton brothers (Bob, Grat, Bill, and Emmett), and he *killed* them at the end of the story. This was the only adventure in which Luke killed his main adversaries. Reader response later showed that the Daltons had been very popular, but it was too late to bring them back since they were dead. Rene Goscinny quickly solved this problem when he took over writing the series. He created the Dalton *cousins*: four lookalike brothers who revered their outlaw relatives and vowed to carry on their tradition. The four new Daltons looked exactly alike except that each is taller than the next. They range from Joe, the oldest, shortest, and nastiest; upward through William and Jack to Averell, the youngest, tallest, and dumbest. Averell is such a glutton that he once ruined a robbery by eating their getaway horses. The two most famous lines in the series are Luke's farewell song, "I'm a poor lonesome cowboy . . .", and the other three Daltons "Shut up, Averell!"

The Daltons are constantly escaping from prison. Wherever they go, the prison's guard dog is surely close behind them: Ran-Tan-Plan (Rin Tin Can in the English version), the Stupidest Dog in the West, who is a parody of every loyal dog in the movies. He is convinced that Joe Dalton is his master and loves him, and that the sticks and rocks that Joe throws to chase him away are for him to fetch. Ran-Tan-Plan fouls up whoever he's around, with the result that Lucky Luke keeps trying to sick the dog on the outlaws while they keep trying to get rid of him. There's no love lost for Ran-Tan-Plan from Jolly Jumper, who considers the dog a disgrace to the name of faithful animal companions.

In addition to this regular cast, the series has been enlivened by the judicious use of movie-star pastiches. Some of these are one-shot gags (such as Alfred Hitchcock as a bartender), but the best have been book-length characters in roles faithful to those acted by their real-life counterparts. Some especially successful ones have been Jack Palance as the hired killer Phil Defer (*Lucky Luke and Phil Defer*); W.C. Fields as the drunken circus owner Erasmus Mulligan (*Western Circus*); Lee Van Cleef as the cold-hearted bounty hunter Elliot Belt (*The Bounty Hunter*); Wallace Beery as the stagecoach driver Hank Bully (*Stagecoach*); and John Barrymore as the crooked travelling actor Whittaker Baltimore (*The White Knight*). About the only out-of-character casting was the portrayal of Sean Connery as the villainous saloon keeper August Oyster (*Calamity Jane*), which was good enough to make one wonder if the real Connery isn't missing a bet by playing only heroes. All of these guest-star roles were written by Rene Goscinny; unfortunately, none of the writers who have followed him seem to have his taste for this type of routine.

Blake And Mortimer

Through Time And Space With A Stiff Upper Lip

Les Aventures de Blake et Mortimer holds an almost unprecedented popularity in European comic art, especially considering that the series consists of only eight books written during a 25-year period. The last story ended with a cliffhanger a dozen years ago. But these eight books have been printed and reprinted over the years, gaining new fans all the time. Edgar Pierre Jacobs, the writer and artist, is now 80 years old. Probably nobody believes any longer that he is still working on the second half

of *Les 3 Formules du Prof. Sato*, which ended with a "to be continued" in 1972. But his fans can still dream. . .

The first *Blake and Mortimer* serial began in the first issue of the weekly magazine *Tintin*, dated October 28, 1948. *Le Secret de l'Espadon* (*The Secret of the Swordfish*) was serialized at the rate of one page per issue of *Tintin* for a year. The story was not completed in the magazine, but Part I was published as a 64-page album in 1950. Part II, another 82 pages, appeared as a separate album in 1953. The two parts were united as a single 146-page album in 1964.

The second adventure, *Le Mystere de la Grande Pyramide* (*The Mystery of the Great Pyramid*) was serialized in *Tintin* from 1950 to 1952. It was also reprinted in two separate albums, which were combined into a single thick album in 1959. With the third story, *La Marque Jaune* (*The Yellow Mark* in 1953-54, Jacobs settled into the 64-page, single-album format that lasted up to his final volume. The fourth, fifth, and sixth adventures were also serialized in *Tintin*, one page per week, between 1955 and 1961, and were each promptly reprinted as albums.

The seventh adventure, *L'Affaire du Collier* (*The Necklace Affair*), did not appear until 1965-66. By this time *Blake and Mortimer* were so popular that a rumor spread that Jacobs was earning so much in royalties from the seven albums that he had retired. This rumor was encouraged to some degree by *Tintin* itself. In 1967 the magazine urged its readers to send letters and petitions to Jacobs if they wanted him to continue the series. Jacobs got so much mail that he promised to resume his heroes' adventures, but he asked his fans to "have a little patience" while he prepared a new story. Four years later, *Les 3 Formules de Prof. Sato* began serialization in *Tintin* as part of the magazine's 25th anniversary celebrations (1971-72). This story was only 46 pages, but it was the first half of a two-part adventure. Jacobs's fans are still waiting for the second half.

If Blake and Mortimer were any more British, they would be music-hall caricatures. Their dialogue in these French-language comics is studded with such Briticisms as, "I say!," "Dear old chap," and "By Jove!" Captain Francis Blake of M.I.5 (British Military Intelligence) strongly resembles a youngish, blond David Niven. Professor Philip Mortimer looks more like a country squire than a scientist; he's rather stocky, has a short red beard but no moustache, wears slightly rumpled clothes, and is always smoking a pipe. Their eternal enemy is the vaguely international "Colonel" Olrik, a modern Mephistopheles; black hair slicked down and parted in the middle, a thin Continental moustache, impeccably dressed, with an inevitable sneer. Olrik's talents as a master spy are for sale to the highest bidder, and he usually appears as a high-ranking mercenary of a "foreign power." Their adventures always involve lots of manhunts around the world, whether it's Olrik and his henchmen who are chasing Blake and Mortimer, or Blake and Mortimer with the police who are chasing Olrik. Jacobs is a master in the comic-art format of the type of thriller popularized by Sax Rohmer and Edgar Wallace between about 1910 and 1935.

The Secret of the Swordfish was written just after World War II. A Yellow Empire has seized power throughout Asia, and is rapidly conquering the rest of the world. Even more fearful than its invincible armies is its global espionage service commanded by the traitorous European, Olrik. The only hope for the free world is a secret weapon, code-named the Swordfish being developed by a British research team under the guidance of its inventor, Philip Mortimer. But England falls and all seems lost—unless Mortimer can escape with the aid of his military friend Blake to a secret British base somewhere in the Middle East. The adventure is a succession of chases and escapes by airplane, by car, by train, by horseback, by foot, by submarine; through mountains, deserts, caves, secret passages, floods, and military battles. In the end the Swordfish is successfully completed, and the Yellow Empire is annihilated.

The Mystery of the Great Pyramid opens with Mortimer visiting his friend Ahmed Rassim, the curator of a museum in Cairo. Rassim is about to discover a lost treasure room in the Great Pyramid of Cheops. Olrik is present as a leader in an international gang of drug and weapons smugglers, who decides to take over the treasure hunt for his own benefit. Olrik's international criminal activities bring Blake onto the scene. An additional, unsuspected ancient power from the days of the Pharaohs also makes an appearance.

The Yellow Mark is the newspapers' name for a mysterious master criminal who is terrorizing London. The police are helpless to keep him from robbing the Bank of England and stealing the Royal crown from the Tower of London. But when the Yellow Mark begins to kidnap the members of an exclusive club of which Francis Blake is also a member, the two heroes gain a clue which leads to a mad scientist exacting revenge against his old enemies. Olrik's appearance in this story seems overly coincidental and forced.

In *L'Enigme de l'Atlantide* (*The Enigma of Atlantis*), Blake and Mortimer explore a cavern in the Azores which seems to lead to the center of the Earth. They are looking for the source of an unknown radioactive mineral that Mortimer has discovered. Olrik, in the pay of another international gang, is after the mineral for its military potential. The three fall into an underground world beneath the Atlantic seabed where Atlantis still exists, at war with a proto-Aztec civilization. This is Jacobs's opportunity to draw an adventure in the style of Flash Gordon's exploits on Mongo. Blake and Mortimer end up on the Atlantean side, while Olrik and an Atlantean traitor plot to help the bloody Aztecs win. Naturally everything ends with the spec-

IL N'ÉTAIT QUE TEMPS CAR DÉJÀ LE MONSTRUEUX POURSUIVANT DE MORTIMER EST LÀ SE LAISSANT COULER DANS L'OUVERTURE
COMME LE PROFESSEUR L'EST DE SON DE 3 MÈTRES DE SOIE LE CÂBLE SONDE CESSE BRUSQUEMENT
LE MONSTRE EST BRUSQUEMENT DE PLUS LA MASSE SON CASQUE SE RABAT SUR SA TÊTE
PLUIE DE DÉBRIS CLANDESTINS SE JETTE AU DEHORS

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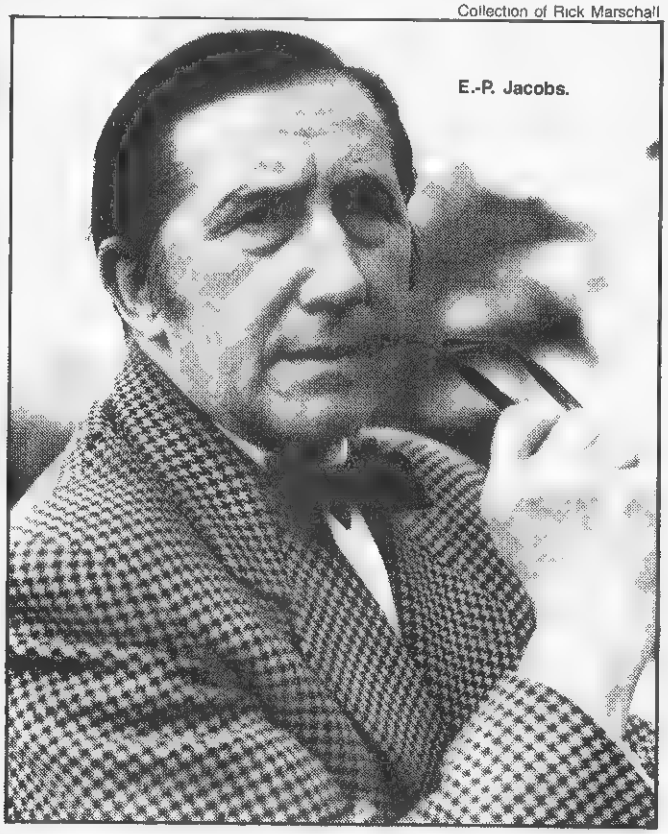
tacular destruction of Atlantis and the last-minute escape of the three surface-dwellers.

S.O.S, Meteores (S.O.S. Meteors) is subtitled "Mortimer in Paris," an acknowledgement that Mortimer had become the more popular of the two heroes with the readers. Torrential rains, blizzards, and similar catastrophic weather is paralyzing the NATO nations. Mortimer is called to Paris by his friend Labrousse, the director of the French meteorlogical office. Blake also goes to Paris on the trail of a new spy ring that seems to be plotting a master coup against the Western alliance. Clues lead Blake and Mortimer separately and then together to the same underground group, which is being run by Olrik for a thinly-disguised Soviet Union. The group is also operating a hidden base near Paris where a scientist of the foreign power, Prof. Miloch Georgevitch, is manufacturing the foul weather. Blake, Mortimer, and Parisian police Inspector Pradier (a Broderick Crawford type) manage to destroy the base and the spy ring just in time to head off an invasion of Western Europe. This album has one of the best "chase" sequences in comic-art history, a truly Hitchcockian sequence in which Blake tries to escape from Olrik's chief henchman, the gangster Sharkey.

Le Piege Diabolique (The Diabolic Trap) is the most unusual book of the series. Mortimer learns that he has been named the heir of Prof. Miloch, who died from radiation burns received in *S.O.S. Meteors*. Miloch's will states, "You were my enemy, true, but a fair enemy;" also, only Mortimer can understand his greatest invention, hidden in a secret laboratory. Mortimer discovers a genuine time machine—which Miloch has booby-trapped as his final revenge against Mortimer. Our hero finds himself shuttling helplessly from 150,000,000 B.C. to 5060 A.D. with a stop in the Middle Ages. He battles dinosaurs, a Medieval peasant rebellion, and a futuristic tyranny while trying to undo Miloch's sabotage so he can return to his own time. This is truly Mortimer's album; Blake has only a walk-on role, and Olrik does not appear at all.

The Necklace Affair, on the other hand, is Olrik's moment of glory. It is also unique in being the only book in the series without any science-fiction or supernatural element. Marie-Antoinette s lost necklace (see any French history book for the diamond necklace scandal of 1785-6) is discovered. Olrik not only immediately steals it, he challenges Blake and Mortimer to catch him. Olrik sarcastically calls them "Sherlock-Blake and Watson-Mortimer," and this is clearly Jacobs's attempt to write a modern police procedural detective novel. Olrik obviously casts himself as Professor Moriarty, and is non-plussed when our heroes and Inspector Pradier track him down in the more realistic manner of Jack Webb's *Dragnet* than a romantic thriller.

Collection of Rick Marschall



E.-P. Jacobs.

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Blake (right) and Mortimer.

Les 3 Formules du Prof. Sato (The 3 Formulae of Prof. Sato) is subtitled "Part 1. Mortimer in Tokyo." It reads as though Jacobs repented of his early portrayals of Orientals in yellow-peril terms. Here he has drawn a scrupulously correct modern Japan. The country is menaced by what appears to be a flying dragon. Professor Akira Sato recognizes that it is a copy of his ultra-secret robotics research, which he thought nobody yet knew about. Sato calls his old friend Mortimer, providentially attending a scientific conference in Japan, to aid him in discovering the security leak. But Olrik and his men, who are watching both professors, strike first. They attempt to use Sato's invention to build a robot double of Mortimer to get Sato's three master formulae, hidden in three different bank vaults in Tokyo, before Blake can arrive in Japan in response to a call from the real Mortimer. The story is a dazzling mixture of futuristic technology, detailed modern Japanese scenery, tense dialogue, and Jacobs's old-fashioned narration: "What new villainy is hatching in Olrik's Machiavellian brain? What Satanic project is he conceiving? Will he succeed in carrying off the precious formulae of Professor Sato? You'll find out when you read the second part of this thrilling story: 'Mortimer Versus Mortimer'!"

Whenever you're ready, Mr. Jacobs. . .

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All published by Editions du Lombard, Brussels

Les Passagers Du Vent

Passengers Of The Wind

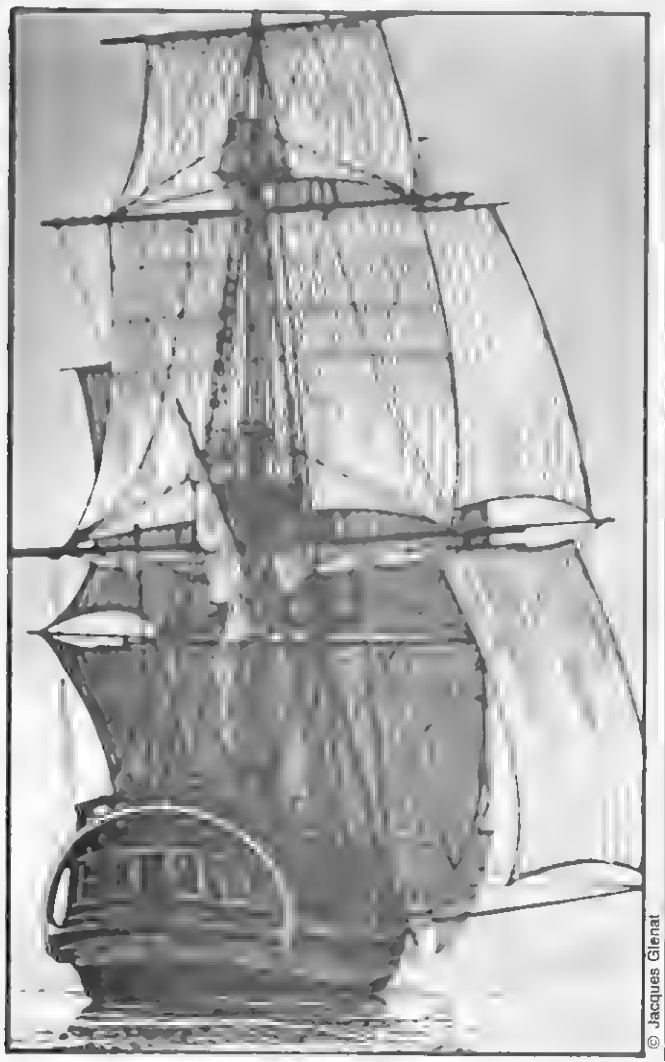
"Between the sailor and the albatross exists an ancient quarrel . . ." We are aboard a French naval vessel in the Year of our Lord 1781. An albatross causes a sailor to lose his balance and fall into the sea . . . ,"and thus begins the odyssey of the Passengers of the Wind, an 18th-century epic written and illustrated by the French artist Francois Bourgeon.

Les Passagers started in 1978 in the new monthly comics magazine *Circus*, of the French publisher Jacques Glenat. The series kept growing in popularity among the fans until it reached the status of best-seller with its fourth volume, published in 1982.

Two years later, Bourgeon, now a superstar, brought the adventure to an end in a fifth volume and moved to another magazine, *(A Suivre)*,where he has launched a new saga, a medieval fantasy called *Les Compagnons Du Crepuscule* (*The Companions of Twilight*).

The first volume of *Les Passagers*, entitled *La Fille Sous La Dunette* (*The Girl Under The Poop*), introduces us to young Briton sailor Hoel, a deckhand on the ship Foudroyant. Hoel discovers that, unknown to her crew, the ship carries two young women, the aggressive and rebellious Isa and her mistress Agnes, who is the sister of the Foudroyant's captain, a cold and evil man named Benoit.

Jacques Glenat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Isa befriends Hoel and tells him that, when they were children, she and Agnes played at trading identities—except, *she* was Agnes! But her young servant companion managed to usurp her identity and pass for the real and wealthy Agnes. Now known as Isa, the young woman swore revenge on her new mistress. Later, she was raped by her brother Benoit, who naturally believed her to be Agnes's servant.

Isa is planning to escape from the Foudroyant, and for this she needs Hoel's help. Unfortunately, the ship encounters some English frigates and engages them in battle; in the course of the fight Agnes is killed, but has time to confess her hoax to Benoit. Mad with rage, Benoit attempts to kill Isa, but Hoel intervenes and shoots him. Before Hoel can be executed for his crime, the Foudroyant is sunk by the British, who rescue Isa, Hoel and the kindly ship's doctor, Saint-Quentin.

Volume two of the series, *Le Ponton* (*The Pontoon*), starts with Hoel and Saint Quentin being P.O.W.s in a grounded, dismasted ship used as a jail by the British. Isa has found employment as a companion to the young Lady Mary, and is plotting her friends' escape with the help of Mary and her lover Lieutenant Smolett, who works on the Pontoon.

Eventually, like Monte-Cristo, Hoel and Saint-Quentin manage to escape the Pontoon in coffins. Latter, however, Hoel is identified while on an errand in town. To avoid recapture, the little group has to flee to France. During their crossing, Mary gives birth to a baby, and they all settle happily at Saint-Quentin's estate.

But their respite is brief. Hoel and Isa are still wanted for Benoit's murder, and Mary's father is using his influence to get his daughter back. So the Passengers of the Wind embark on a new ship, the Marie-Caroline, a slave-trading vessel on a course to Africa, and then to the New World.

Le Comptoir de Juda (*The Counter of Juda*), the third volume

in the saga, takes place at San Jao de Ajuda, a Portuguese base in Western Africa. There the French, the British, and the Portuguese trade tobacco for slaves with some of the local tribesmen. In the midst of colonial intrigues, Smolett and Mary's relationship begins to break up. Smolett takes to drink, while Mary courts a new lover, young Francois. Meanwhile a local trader, Viaroux, who desires Isa, gets a witch doctor to administer some poison to Hoel.

In the series' fourth volume, *L'Heure du Serpent* (*The Hour of the Snake*), Isa, to find a cure for Hoel, goes deep inland to the court of the Abomey King, led by her "slave" and friend Alihosi. There she is witness to African justice and voodoo ceremonies. Meanwhile, Smolett kidnaps Mary's baby. But Mary catches up with him, and he and Viaroux die while duelling in quicksand.

In *Le Bois d'Ebene* (*The Ebony Wood*—a nickname given to black slaves), the last volume in the saga, a newly recovered Hoel, with Isa, Mary and Francois, are all aboard the Marie-Caroline, carrying a full shipload of slaves to the New World. During a violent storm the slaves, led by Alihosi, stage a revolt. The ship's cook, the mysterious Grignou, protects Mary from a gang of mutineers and helps Alihosi hide. Eventually, their half-destroyed ship reaches the island of Saint-Dominique in the Caribbean.

There, a letter from Saint-Quentin awaits the Passengers. In it, Mary learns that her father has died. She decides to go home with Francois and her baby. Hoel, who is now estranged from Isa, is recognized by a former officer of the Foudroyant. To avoid capture, he ends up being forcefully recruited on a pirate ship captained by Grignoux. The odyssey of the Passengers of the Wind ends with Isa running on the beach, realizing that, despite all she has been through, she is still only 18, and has all her life in front of her. . .

Les Passagers has sold almost half a million copies in France. Bourgeon's success is amply justified by his incredible talent. *Les Passagers* is a well written saga that, in spite of its historical settings, is amazingly contemporary in its themes. The characters are always fresh and vivacious, not stereotypes, and they change as events are forced upon them.

Bourgeon's artwork, a bit hesitant at first, quickly became breath-taking in its portrayal of the human figure and the accuracy of detail lavishes on each panel. *Les Passagers* contains some of the most beautiful women ever drawn for comics. But it is also wonderfully instructive because of the research that has obviously gone into it.

Les Passagers du Vent is a truly original graphic novel, a series that has already spawned imitators.

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Le Bois d'Ebene (*The Ebony Wood*)

Adele Blanc-Sec

Tardi's Monsters Unleashed in Paris

When Adele Blanc-Sec first saw the light of day in 1976, its writer/artist, Jacques Tardi, was far from being a major name in French comics. Tardi had published a number of stories in *Pilote* during the early 1970s. Some were written by others, but two were his complete creations, and in fact were forerunners of the *Adele Blanc-Sec* series.

Adieu Brindavoine (*Good-Bye, Brindavoine*), published in 1973, told the story of a young photographer in the Europe of 1914. Brindavoine gets caught up in a bizarre odyssey that takes him to the Middle East, where he encounters the lunatic millionaire Otto Lindenberg, who is trying to find a worthy heir to his fortune. The story ends with the beginning of World War I. A later *Brindavoine* short story, *La Fleur au Fusil* (*The Flower in the Rifle*), tells of the long-suffering Brindavoine's wartime experiences.

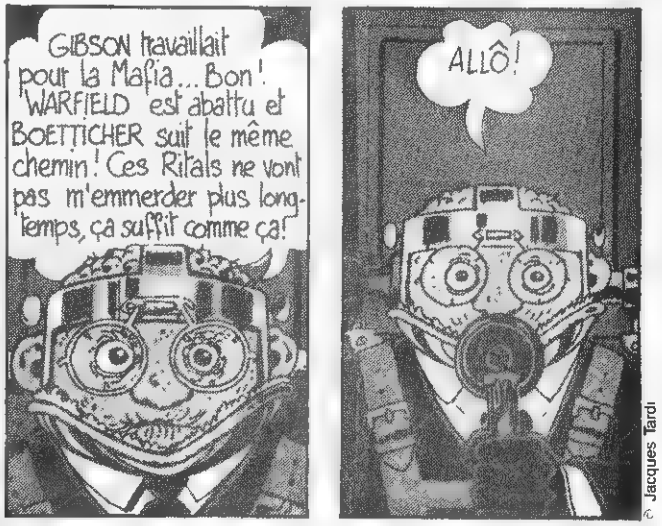
Adieu Brindavoine sets the tone for the future *Adele Blanc-Sec* series. It features a combination of extremely realistic settings and well-researched events, blended with semi-caricatural players and rather tongue-in-cheek plots. the whole story was awash with a strong anti-war, anti-capitalist, anarchistic outlook that has remained a Tardi trademark.

This mixture is even more present in *Le Demon des Glaces* (*The Ice Demon*), which was not serialized in *Pilote* but was published directly in album form by Dargaud in 1974. In this deliberate hommage to the Jules Verne novels and their beautifully illustrated first editions, Tardi tells the story of a group of villains led by the mad scientist Carlo Gelati. To perpetrate their nefarious deeds, the evil-doers use a mobile sea base disguised as an artificial iceberg. The story takes place in the 1890s, and the villains' arch-enemy, a woman adventurer named Simone Pouffiot, is an anticipation of the classic Adele Blanc-Sec.

Disappointed by the poor sales of *Le Demon des Glaces*, Tardi changed publishers and turned somewhat from the more esoteric aspects of his earlier works. But he retained the charm of outlandish events set in prosaic settings.

In 1976, Casterman published two books, *Adele et la Bete* (*Adele and the Beast*) and *Le Demon de la Tour Eiffel* (*The Demon of the Eiffel Tower*), that introduced the character of Adele Blanc-Sec, a young Parisian writer who is not afraid to drink, smoke, or shoot guns like a man. (The character appears to be somewhat inspired by real-life writer George Sand.)

Adele et la Bete starts in November 1911. A French esoterist brings a pterodactyl back to life. Meanwhile, a group of villains uses a flying machine that looks like the beast to commit crimes. Adele intervenes to save her boyfriend, Lucien, who has been wrongly accused of murder. Lucien is later shot in the Jardin des Plantes during a final confrontation among all of the protagonists.


GIBSON travaillait pour la Mafia... Bon! WARFIELD est abattu et BOETTICHER suit le même chemin! Ces Ritals ne vont pas m'emmerder plus longtemps, ça suffit comme ça!
ALLÔ!
© Jacques Tardi

In *Le Demon de la Tour Eiffel*, which takes place one month later, the plot thickens. Some of the villains of the previous volume are, in fact, worshippers of the Assyrian demon Pazuzu, and are planning to spread the Plague throughout Paris. This time, the final confrontation takes place high atop the Eiffel Tower. Adele reveals that, behind the earthly demon form of Pazuzu, lies the famed actress Clara Benhardt (a transparent pseudonym!)

The third volume of the series, *Le Savant Fou* (*The Mad Scientist*), came out in 1977. The story has now advanced to January

of 1912. A mad scientist, using the same methods that had awakened the pterodactyl, brings back to life a pithecanthrope —which proves to be more sophisticated than anyone had dreamed. In the course of the story, the Pazuzu cult once more rears its ugly head, and the finale sees a climactic battle on the towers of Notre Dame between the poor pithecanthrope and the mad scientist, resulting in the deaths of both.

The fourth book, *Momies en Folie* (*The Mummy Follies*) (1978), completes what one might well call the "Pazuzu Cycle." It is now the spring of 1912, and the Parisian demon worshippers are on a spree of human sacrifices, leaving their gruesomely murdered victims for spectacular view in the city's most public places. Adele interferes again and, in an attempt to kill her, the villains contact Carlo Gelati, and use his iceberg machine to sink the Titanic!

At the end of the story, Tardi brings back the other characters from *Le Demon des Glaces* and ties up most of the loose ends from the previous books during a massive holocaust which takes place in a secret crypt under the Park Monceau. The most shocking event, however, is the fatal stabbing of Adele by Clara Benhardt. Fortunately, our heroine is rescued by a young scientist who has been experimenting with resuscitation techniques and, with the help of Adele s Egyptian mummy that has returned to life, the heroine is put in hibernation until a means to cure her is found.

In an interview, Tardi once explained that Adele's "death was necessitated by the onset of World War I. Her feisty nature, in a time when women were women and men were men, made it impossible for him to provide her with a place in the war. She would not have been allowed to fight, and would not have settled for being a nurse.

Adele's rescuer wound up being Brindavoine. In the midst of a trench battle, Adele's Mummy telepathically gives Brindavoine the necessary information to return her to life. *Le Secret de la Salamandre* (*The Secret of the Salamander*), published in 1981, deals with Brindavoine's post-war adventures, leading to Adele's resurrection in November of 1918. At the same time, Tardi shows us the unholy alliance of the powers of money and crime, personified by Otto Lindenberg and the head of the American Mafia.

A more recent story, *Le Noye a Deux Tetes* (*The Drowned Man with Two Heads*), will be followed by the announced *Tous des Monstres* (*Everyone a Monster*); the former was serialized in 1984 in Casterman s monthly magazine, *(A Suivre)*. These two stories carry on Adele and Brindavoine s adventures in late 1918 and early 1919. They contain the usual mixture of bizarre, murderous monsters, the return of old villains, and Tardi's anarchistic view of the world.

Strangely enough, some of the most recent stories are told as if they were narrated in 1933 by a slightly senile old librarian. Therefore, we already know that Brindavoine eventually turned to crime, became a pimp, and was shot by the police in 1933. Of the future whereabouts of Adele, however, nothing is known to this date . . .

Adele Blanc-Sec and its companion volumes form an unparalleled occult history of the Belle Epoque. It purports to reveal the secrets behind real historic events, and always carefully explains how these were covered up to protect the rich and powerful. Adele is only one of the fascinating and complex characters among the dozen or so that Tardi has created and whose fates seem to be interwoven in an inexorable web.

Unlike the hapless Brindavoine, the Adele Blanc-Sec saga—luckily for its faithful readers—is still very much alive and carrying on with a resounding success, placing Jacques Tardi amongst the most successful of French comic artists.

Bibliography: The Adele Blanc-Sec saga

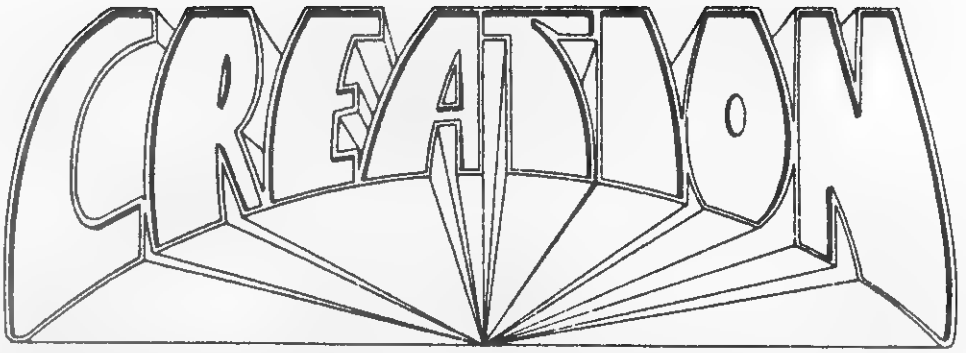
Le Demon des Glaces (The Ice Demon)
(Published by Dargaud, Paris)

Adieu, Brindavoine (suivi de "La Fleur au Fusil") (Good-Bye, Brindavoine—also containing "The Flower in the Rifle") (reprint of the original Dargaud edition)
Adele et la Bete (Adele and the Beast)
Le Demon de la Tour Eiffel (The Demon of the Eiffel Tower)
Le Secret de la Salamandre (The Secret of the Salamander)
(Published by Casterman, Brussels.)

To Be Published:

Le Noye A Deux Tetes (The Drowned Man With Two Heads)
Tous des Monstres! (Everyone a Monster!)

A 23H07, BRINDAVOINE pénétra dans le laboratoire de Mousinot
C'est donc ça, Adèle BLANC-SEC!?
Suivant les indications contenues dans la lettre de la momie, BRINDAVOINE enclencha la mise en route du système de retour à la vie.
A 23H45, la glace fondit
Jacques Tardi



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book reviews

Standing Tall With Literature

PRINCE VALIANT: AN AMERICAN EPIC, VOL I: 1937; VOL. II: 1938. Edited by Rick Norwood, Manuscript Press, Box 1762, Wayne, NJ 07470

De Gustibus, and all that.

Every man to his own tastes; if yours happens to be comic strips, classic comic strips, resurrected and preserved and reprinted as they ought to be done, then you can't resist the appeal of these editions, the first two—we can hope—of what will be a regular series.

The only drawbacks are the size of these volumes and the price tag; but both slight objections are mitigated by the brilliance of the package. If you desire Hal Foster's magnificent comic pages in their original size—breathtaking, brilliantly colored—then you're going to have to *find* the pages, almost half a century old, cope with their condition, and deal with their large, newspaper-page size anyway. And the price—$100 a volume—is far less than the original pages are worth on the collectors market, when available.

Norwood has gone to tremendous pains faithfully to reproduce the original colors of Foster's pages; he has sought out craftsmen, gone to specialists, and employed the best handwork color men in the business. For the original images themselves, he has gone to original art and pristine printers' proofs.

© King Features Syndicate

The dedication shows. Printed on heavy art stock, *Prince Valiant: An American Epic* is a stunning effort that rewards readers with an outstanding treatment of a classic strip as it deserves to be done.

Harold Foster—a rare interview with whom was printed in a recent *NEMO*—was undoubtedly a major figure in strip history. It is interesting to note that his reliance on captions rather than balloons is hardly ever regarded as a throwback or a denial of comic-strip imperatives. That the sequential action in his pages sometimes spanned hours and days rather than minutes puts him squarely in the tradition of comics' forebears such as Hogarth—*William* Hogarth!—and Rodolphe Toppfer, rather than practitioners like Dirks, Gould, and Gray. But it is not anomalies that are noted in Foster's case, but his majesty. Yes, *Prince Valiant* is a picture-story, if you want to make the distinction, but it is indeed an epic, to stress Norwood's point in his subtitle. And he is correct: It is an *American* epic, in spite of its thematic preoccupation with several amalgamated centuries of Medieval British history.

Prince Valiant is American because Foster—niceties aside—worked as a comic-strip artist, for newspapers, on deadline, With the singular and delicious plotting/structure/commercial accommodations that are the strip artist's. It is a type of Salvation: In surrendering to the strictures of the comic strip's demands, Foster and a handful of geniuses like him produced works that can stand tall with other forms of literature similarly tested by time, judged by intrinsic merit, and accepted by a readership possessing good sense and good taste.

The point needs to be stressed that Hal Foster is to comic strips what Howard Pyle and Edwin Austin Abbey were to illustration. These men went beyond the minimum requirements of their craft, and saw an opportunity, the necessity of bringing more to their tasks: senses of history, of drama, of excitement, even of participation. To that end these artists consciously structured their work to convey action and to portray real personalities. Thus is the reader drawn into an evocative story, illustration or strip.

These three artists shared something further, and that is a devotion to authenticity and detail. In Abbey's case it resulted in his moving to England, to be closer to his beloved Shakespearian and Restoration fascinations.

Norwood displays a similar obsession to detail in his packaging. He has even treated the Foster fan to more delights—reprints of old Christmas cards, commercial illustrations, as well as biographical and bibliographical data.

In this country we are seeing the dawning of reprint projects that are overdue and necessary. It is good that several producers are pursuing several formats. Not every Sunday strip, it seems to me, must be reproduced in color, and certainly not full sized. The EC stories of Russ Cochran, for instance, suffer little in reappearing devoid of color. Fantagraphics Books is producing its own first-rate series of smaller more modestly priced color *Val* books. Let them sit side-by-side on the same collector's shelves; they're going to on mine.

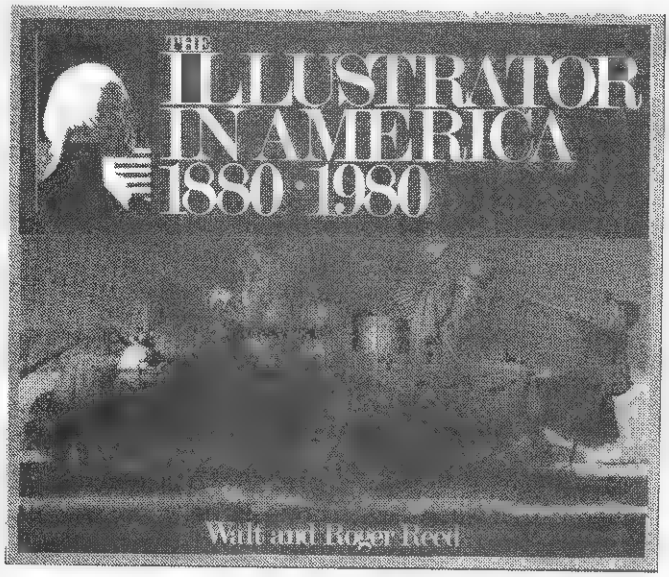
This is because *Prince Valiant* is one of the few strips that not only demands loving retrieval, but also painstaking republication and documentation. These books do that, and deserve support.

—REM

Remarkable Artists Known as Illustrators

THE ILLUSTRATOR IN AMERICA: 1880-1980. By Walt and Roger Reed. Published for the Society of Illustrators by Madison Square Press, New York, New York.

In many ways to this reviewer, illustration is a close relation to the comic strip; and I am speaking especially here of a non-formal relationship. Specifically: the comic strip, as I never



tire of saying, is one of our few native American art forms. Yet it is ignored or scorned by the critics. Likewise illustration has been (until recent critical cracks in the door) the skeleton in the closet of American art. Yet I have not the slightest doubt that, should the Lord tarry, in several centuries critical analyses of the American culture will recognize comics as a rich and profound narrative form, and accord illustration a higher place than much other representational art, certainly that of the enlightened latter 20th century.

The functional question, the origins, of illustrations—commission work done on deadlines—is dismissed when the similar origins of great works through all of art history is examined. Michelangelo is only one of many who accepted assignments and fulfilled them dutifully. What made his work remarkable—and what characterizes supreme artistic expression—is the manner in which he coped, the genius that could overcome the seeming obstacles to his freedom, the agility within the straitjacket. That certain schools like the Expressionists vehemently forsook patrons only suggests a mirror-image of the Golden Age of American Illustration: assignments were given, deadlines were adhered to, art directors had their say; but there was an incredible freedom of expression throughout the years covered by this book.

Howard Pyle's style reigned supreme at the turn of the century—yet other, popular, artists worked in different modes of pen and ink, gouache, comic exaggeration, and Parrish-like fantastic realism. There was the freedom to follow one's own vision. In so doing a remarkable array of American artists known as illustrators pursued their goals; and art directors were not commercial slavedrivers. Rather they—and the great magazines and advertisers—were, in effect, the new patrons of the arts.

It is this group of artists, and this memorable, notable and vital strain in American representational art—that is documented in the Reeds' book. This is a remarkable production, and easily the most important single volume on the subject yet published. There have been some creditable single-volume studies of American illustrators, and some autobiographies are necessary components of the student's library, but *The Illustrator in America* is *the* book by which the student may survey the field.

The Reeds have dealt with their subject decade by decade, an arbitrary arrangement that has made it easier to consider trends and thematic preoccupations.

Four hundred and sixty artists are discussed—with birth and death dates and necessarily brief biographies—richly supplemented by more than 700 illustrations, most of them in full color. It is evident that the compilers have spent considerable pains in assembling the finest examples available—much from original art—in order to make *The Illustrator in America* not only a history book, a valuable research tool, but also a gallery of the finest individual pieces of American illustration between two covers.

The Reeds have included more cartoonists than in the original edition (now long out of print and a collectors item), acknowledging the fine line, as it were, between cartoon-illustration and "straight" illustration. This is a satisfying book just to *hold*— brilliant color, fine binding, superlative production work—and is essential to any library of visual arts of this century. The regular edition is priced at $48.50, but the Society of Illustrators has designed several attractive special editions as well, featuring deluxe bindings and tipped-in original art by classic illustrators: an F.R. Gruger sketch for total price of $200; a Herry Beckhoff drawing for $100; and a limited John Held, Jr. cartoon print for $75. *—REM*

Wonderfully Rich Weaving In the Tinsel Track

RUDY IN HOLLYWOOD. By William Overgard. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, New York, 1984.

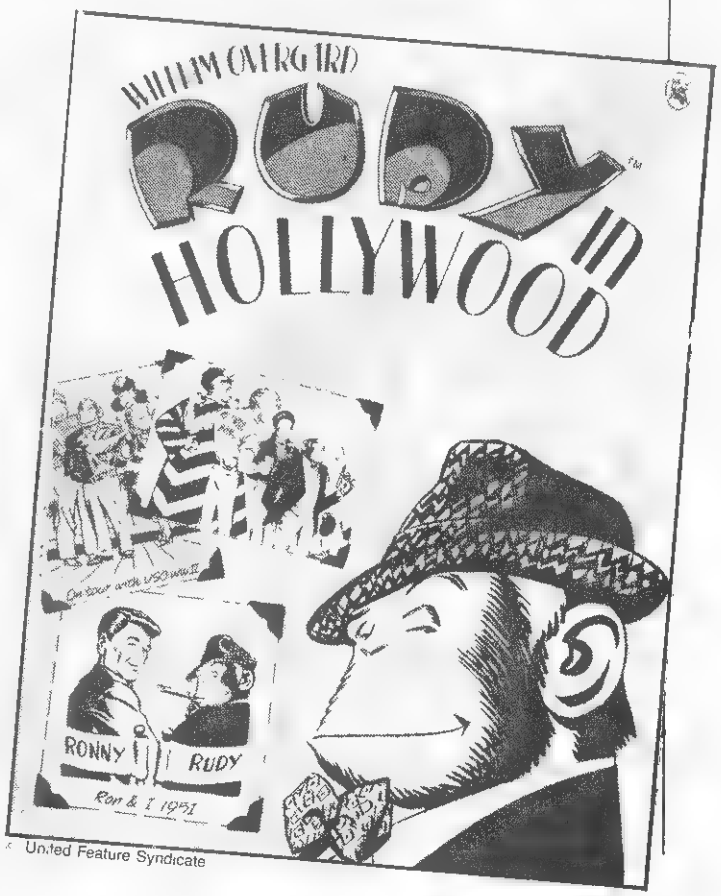
Rudy is a beauty. My rhyming can be faulted but I won't yield an inch on my judgment. Bill Overgard's strip is the freshest—and most refreshing—comic feature to be introduced in a decade.

I'll let the accompanying sample continuity speak for itself, for the characters, the premise, and such, but it's valuable here to document what makes this comic strip so special.

For one thing (risking all the evolutionary implications) *Rudy* is a joyous but thoughtful and mature throwback to that form this magazine has been crusading for in contemporary comic strips—the humorous continuity. The device existed in comics' first decade; it was universal during comics' Golden Age of the 1930s; and it virtually disappeared in the gag-a-day era of the past generation. Today a few strips dabble in running related gags on a theme over the course of a week, but Bill Overgard has revived the wonderfully rich pattern of weaving a tale with ongoing interest, individual characters, plots and subplots, keeping all in check with the daily bonus of a punchline and laugh.

It's not an easy task but in *Rudy* it seems as casual and confident as its lead player.

Overgard's writing is hip and witty. Not only is every



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character an absolutely separate and memorable personality, but Overgard has succeeded in creating a mood and atmosphere in his world. This is a goal that should be central to every strip creator's work, but is seldom achieved and sometimes never even perceived. That Rudy's world is cynical, sarcastic, deflating, and full of assorted poseurs and deluded innocents may mark it to some as more of a realistic strip than a humorous one, but in any event the vehicles for humor and commentary are plentiful.

The artwork in *Rudy* is realistic, which may strike some as an anomaly, but need not do so. Overgard is telling a story, telling it well, and drawing it well. For 30 years he drew one of the best-drawn and stylish adventure strips, *Steve Roper and Mike Nomad*, and he has merely continued his splendid visual traditions in *Rudy*. It was impossible for Overgard to make his women sexier, but his heroes certainly are more suave.

Another commendable return to tradition with this strip is one that deserves to be spotlighted and commended. United Features, the syndicate that handles *Rudy*, is acting remarkably out of character for syndicates in the '80s. First, it bought the strip whose individuality is documented above. In the face of all the modern—and arbitrary as well as mindless—taboos, it took on a continuity strip. And a realistic-looking one! Not only that, but it's a strip with an animal who's not a cat.

Further, as may be deduced from all the factors we have enumerated, *Rudy* is not breaking any records in newspaper sales. After all, it's literate and well-drawn, so modern feature editors mustn't know what to make of it. It's so much more comfortable to stick with the next rubber-stamp, derivative, indecipherable strip with plush-toy promise. So Rudy, out of work in Hollywood at the moment, is also having temporary trouble finding a wide berth in the nations' newspapers.

But United Features is sticking with *Rudy* in spite of its small list of client papers. Now not every strip that starts small turns into a *Popeye* or a *Blondie*, but those two strips—and *Peanuts*, and many others—were slow starters that needed patience and nurturing. It was 10 years before *Thimble Theatre* turned a profit for its syndicate. But once upon a time syndicates acted like their knew their business, like they had faith in their own talent decisions, and the pride to support their features. To Sid Goldberg of United Features goes credit for believing in the quality comic strip that is *Rudy*, as well as its innovative aspects.

Holt, Rinehart and Winston has seen United Media and raised them five chips. It committed to a reprint book before the strip's debut, and has published it and promoted it despite the slow start in newspapers. *Rudy in Hollywood* collects early continuities, and spiffily dices them up with commentary, "photos" from Rudy's albums (snaps with Ron Reagan, Noel Coward, and Sally Rand), and observations about California life in the tinsel track.

The book is a handsome production. Grab the trade paperback, for, unless and until your local paper adds this strip, it will be your only acquaintance with the dapper chimp. Read *Rudy in Hollywood* and see if my prediction doesn t come true: You will write your local editor demanding that he add *Rudy* to his comics page.

—*REM*

All *Rudy* strips © United Feature Syndicate

ACCOUNTANTS, PLASTIC SURGEONS, TAX LAWYERS, AND TRENDY DENTISTS—BEVERLY HILLS PROFESSIONALS.
I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED MY ORTHOPEDIST.

A CHIMP OFF THE OLD BLOCK—Following is a short excerpt from *Rudy in Hollywood*, the Holt, Rinehart & Winston book collection of Bill Overgard's strip. Rudy is a walking, talking, show-biz chimp, between (as it were) engagements. Placid and suave—the veteran of friendships and gigs with Hollywood immortals in years past—Rudy now must endure relationships with a hip, second-rate agent, an imposing landlady (mistress of the Garden of Allah garden apartments), a wisecracking parrot, and an underaged, overdeveloped naive starlet. Until the entertainment world is again ready for a sophisticated simian, Rudy reluctantly assumes assorted roles—for instance, as a door-to-door salesman.

TODAY I'M GOING TO TRY A NEW SALES APPROACH--BREEZY!
BZZT!
HI THERE! HERE'S DR. RUDY WITH A CURE FOR DOGGY ODOR!
HMM... C'MON IN, DOC.
5/30

LEMME TAKE YOUR HAT, TALL, DARK AN' FUZZY.
I THINK I'M IN BIG TROUBLE.
OVER GARD 1985

WHO AM I, DOC?
I'M NOT REALLY A DOCTOR, MADAM, -- I SELL PET DEODORANT,
5/31

A BIG NAME-- RHYMES WITH ZEST!
EDGAR GUEST?

FAY WEST!
FAY WEST?
YOU KNOW! "COME UP AND SEIZE ME SOME TIME!"
OH, THAT ONE.
OVER GARD 1985

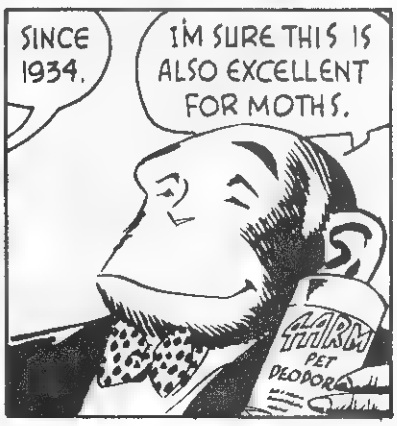
IT'S LITTLE ME, DOC-- FAY WEST!
WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY A CLEVER IMPRESSION-- YOU LOOK JUST LIKE...
6/1

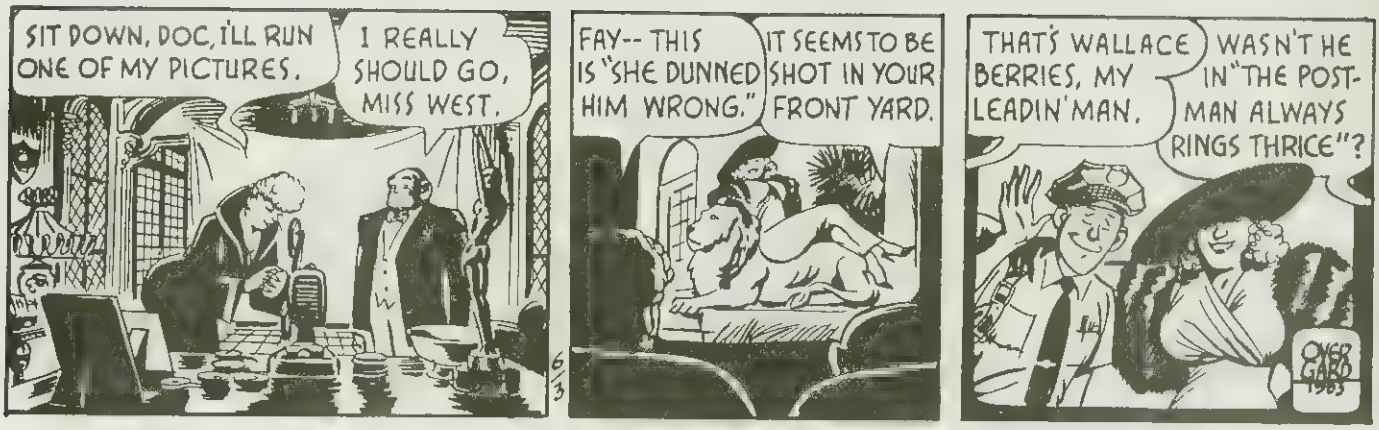
DON'T EVER SAY THAT NAME!!

I'M THE ORIGINAL! LISTEN-- "BEULAH! PEEL ME AN ONION OR, "RUDENESS HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!"
THAT'S ORIGINAL MATERIAL, ALL RIGHT.
OVER GARD 1985

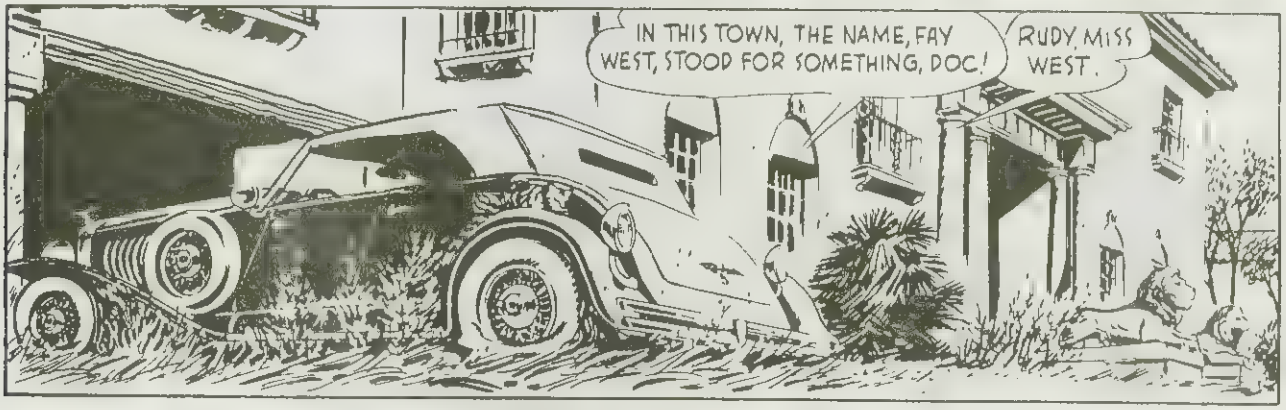
MISS WEST-- I'M HERE TO SELL PET DEODORANT. DO YOU HAVE A DOG?
DOES GARBO HAVE BIG FEET? C'MON, DOC!
OVER GARD 1985
6/2

SAY HELLO TO THE NICE MAN, FRISKY!
ER- ISN'T FRISKY STUFFED?


SINCE 1934.
I'M SURE THIS IS ALSO EXCELLENT FOR MOTHS.
HARM PET DEODOR


SIT DOWN, DOC, I'LL RUN ONE OF MY PICTURES.
I REALLY SHOULD GO, MISS WEST.
6/3
FAY-- THIS IS "SHE DUNNED HIM WRONG."
IT SEEMS TO BE SHOT IN YOUR FRONT YARD.
THAT'S WALLACE BERRIES, MY LEADIN' MAN.
WASN'T HE IN "THE POST-MAN ALWAYS RINGS THRICE"?
OVER GARD 1983

THANK YOU, MISS WEST-- FAY.
LISTEN, DOC, WHY DON'TCHA MEET ME LATER AT THE TROCADERO?
6/4
I BELIEVE IT BURNED DOWN IN 1936.
HMMM MUSTA BEEN THE NIGHT I RUBBED THEM TWO BOY SCOUTS T'GETHER.
MORE THAN LIKELY.
OVER GARD 1983


IN THIS TOWN, THE NAME, FAY WEST, STOOD FOR SOMETHING, DOC!
RUDY, MISS WEST.

SEXY INNUENDOES, DOUBLE-ENTENDRE, FLASHY DRESSIN' AN' CHEAP SHOTS.
AND YOU HAD A LOT OF COMPETITION.
THE PUBLIC IS CRAZY ABOUT BAD TASTE, DOC
TRUE.

I MUST GO, MISS WEST.
FAY, PLEASE-- HMM WHO'S ANKLIN' UNDER MY PORTE-COCHERE--
LOOK GARY KANT! MY FAVORITE HUNK OF MAN!

YOU REMEMBER GARY IN M'HIT, "BELLE OF THE NIGHTIES"-- DOES HE LOOK SEXY FOR A MAN HIS AGE?
96.
HE HAD ME FOOLED.
HMM.. 'SCUSE ME, GENTS, I'M GONNA SLIP INTA SOMETHIN' COMBUSTIBLE. BEULAH! PEEL ME A DRAPE!
ACTUALLY, I'M NOT GARY KANT-- I'M A DOCTOR, SIR.
THANK HEAVENS! THAT POOR WOMAN THINKS SHE'S MAY WEST! MY NAME'S RUDY, DOCTOR--?
LIVINGSTONE.
DR... LIVINGSTONE?
YOU WON'T TELL STANLEY YOU SAW ME-- WILL YOU?
WHO ME?
OLIVER GARD 1983

JIM HARMON

634 SOUTH ORCHARD, BURBANK CA 91506

Jim Harmon, who recently produced, wrote and co-starred in a new special **Tom Mix** *radio drama series for Ralston and edited a new* **Tom Mix** *premium comic book has been one of the leading fans and experts on radio drama for over twenty years, writing the best-sellers, "Great Radio Heroes," " Great Radio Comedians," others; appearing on many TV and radio talk shows; acting as consultant to all the major networks; and offering tapes to other fans and collectors at fair prices.*

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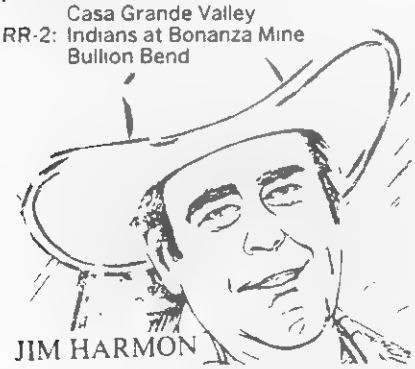
  Beth Grayson and the Lost Man
- SP-3: Dupree's Good Hope Mine
  Old Toby Dickson & Blackie
- SP-4: Trigger's Blasting Powder
  The Runt Pup

RED RYDER "America's Famous Fighting Cowboy"
- RR-1: Dobie Town
  Casa Grande Valley
- RR-2: Indians at Bonanza Mine
  Bullion Bend



I LOVE A MYSTERY. . . Jack, Doc and Reggie in wonderous, fantastic, humor-filled exploits. . .Probably the greatest radio series of all time.
- M28 The Thing that Cries in the Night — Faith, Hope & Charity are 3 girls in danger — Serial, Part I.
- M29 Part II
- M30 Part III (conclusion)
- M31, M32, M33 The Million Dollar Mystery — Beautiful Sunny Richard is cursed (Another 3-cas. serial)
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- M37, M38, M39 Bury your Dead, Arizona — a werewolf out west (on 3 cas.)

THE SHADOW
- M194 Caverns of Death
  Death under the Chapel
- M203 Murder at Dead Man's Inn
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letters

Stating the Obvious

Dear Rick,

Forgive me for stating the obvious, but *NEMO* is absolutely the best magazine I've ever seen about the comics. The reproductions are superb, the choices original, the text always informative. There's also an indefinable quality to the magazine: passion, I suppose, without the Gee Whiz effect that so often mars that emotion.

I wish I knew more about Roy Crane. I also wish you'd do a piece on the various cartooning correspondence schools that are always mentioned by the guys you interview. Were there instruction books? Should those books be reprinted, both as scholarship items and to give us insights into the way they shaped so many cartoonists? Also, I'd love to see the strip Coulton Waugh did for *PM* (post-*Dickie Dare*). Also, a piece on Willard Mullin. Also a really good piece on Tad Dorgan, and his contributions to American slang. Also Clare Briggs, whose wonderful slashing strokes I remember. Also why don't you get Caniff to do a piece about John T. McCutcheon (whose "Drawn from Memory" is wonderfully evocative). And Gene Byrnes, of *Reg'lar Fellers*. Aww, heck, man: why don't you go weekly?

PETE HAMILL
NEW YORK, N.Y.

*No plans for a weekly yet, Pete, but we have gone monthly since you wrote. I have also followed your suggestions on TAD (issue 13). Also, Lew Sayre Schwartz and I are preparing a heavily illustrated biography of Roy Crane that Fantagraphics Books may publish in the near future. If I can get ahold of a good run of that Coulton Waugh strip—*Hank*—I'd love to run it; it was a fine, innovative strip. Thanks for the nice words. From a connoisseur and incognito comics scholar like you, they're much appreciated.*
—REM

From a Comic Wasteland

Dear Richard,

I am a regular subscriber to your magazine *NEMO*, and I just wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoy your journal. It is a joy to read the insights to the history of the strips and the artists behind them. I gather from your writings that you have very fond memories of the newspaper strips, whereas I have only read about the funnies, with a few strips scattered throughout them to "illustrate" the feel of the stories, and only a few paragraphs or sentences to describe them. Here in Northern Ireland, the local paper only has about three daily strips, so it's a comic wasteland.

By the way, British newspaper comic strips (and British comics) would be a good idea feature—for example, Alfred Belstall's excellent *Rupert* strips from the *Daily Express*—"Monty Python's"

Terry Jones did a documentary on Bestall about a year ago for television—or *Andy Capp*, or *Garth*, or Dudley D. Watkins (Denis Gifford did a piece on his work in the *Comic Encyclopedia*)—there is a wealth to delve into, but I'm sure that you have enough American material to write about. Anyway, it was just an idea... Before I go, can I suggest you do a feature on *Moon Mullins*? Of all the strips I've read, I think it's the best, funniest, strip in the newspapers. Once again, may I thank you for giving us younger panelologists a chance of enjoying the work of some of the past masters of the comics medium.

DAVY FRANCIS
BELFAST, NORTH IRELAND

Thanks for the comments; NEMO, by the way, has a wide audience overseas, where American comics are loved more than almost anything else American. Re "fond memories" of strips: I am 36 years old, and didn't live through the runs of most of the strips we cover in NEMO. Avid digging, and an awe of yesterday's fine production and creative standards, reults in my enthusiasm and this magazine's focus. I would love to do a feature on Rupert; *I developed a strong affection for the feature when I was American editor of the* London Express *Feature Service, admiring the interesting stories, the gentle mood, the warm artwork. Denis Gifford will indeed be writing for* NEMO *with his first entry looking to be a history of the racy* Jane *strips. I hope, by the way, you enjoyed Donald Phelps's essay, and a portfolio of* Moon Mullins *strips, in* NEMO *14.*
—REM

NEMO invites correspondence on recent articles, suggestions for future coverage, and items of historical, biographical, and bibliographical interest.

Artwork and photos will be considered and will be handled with care and returned to correspondents.

In the meantime, and at appropriate intervals, sketches from the editor's notebooks by artists of the past and present will enliven the letter colums.

Write to NEMO, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

From King Aroo's Creator

Dear Rick,

Hooray for *NEMO!*
Good luck! It's great!

JACK KENT
SAN ANTONIO, TX

Hooray for Jack Kent, too. We hope we can do a feature on the classic whimsey strip King Aroo, *a luscious fruit on the family tree that also bore* Krazy Kat *and* Barnaby. *It is one of America's cultural crimes that more readers are not familiar with Jack's wonderful comics work. For those who don't know, Jack Kent has graduated from comics to the more remunerative field of children's books, becoming one of the best-selling and most-awarded in that area.*
—REM

European Comics

Dear Sirs, Madams,

On a rather negative note, I must speak about the series on European comic strips. The part on *Les Naufrages du Temps* (p.43) was accompanied by two pictures, unexplained anywhere in the text, showing a man ripping open a bare-breasted girl who is breathing fire. This sexual violence appears to be very common in European "comics" and has reached incredible extremes of pornographic depth in France particularly, where just about every strip is thickly larded with violence, perversion of psychopathic sick extremes (copulation with dead animals, etc.) and similar excesses, totally unacceptable to American audiences.

Herge, creator-author of TinTin, is dead, unfortunately, while Joost Swarte lives to wallow in pornographic violence and sickness, Crepax seems to be unwilling to do anything except pornographic degradation and defilement of women.

I hope you will steer away from this slime. Incidentally I've had some trouble with your *Comics Journal* staff who published two letters I now regret,

making me look like an idiot and a crackpot. I am convinced that if I wrote an intelligent letter or an article for the *Comics Journal*, it would be rejected because they want me remembered as an idiot & a crackpot.

PAUL WILSON
BERGENFIELD, NJ

For the record, Paul Gillon's artwork depicted an evil female robot being knifed in self-defense; her mechanism is clearly visible. Your larger point is certainly valid, at least from my point of view. For all my admiration of European comics in recent years—the formats, the wide variety of themes, the superb production values—I am disturbed and often disgusted by the sexual, pornographic, and violent obsessions of many of the creators. For all of their forward-looking innovation, it proves that the Europeans have liberated themselves from American format *restrictions (smaller reproductions and declining technologies) and* thematic *myopia (dishwater newspaper strips and navel-contemplating super-hero drivel) but just created mirror-images of our frequent self-indulgence (e.g., a resistance to experiment) and occasional corruption of function (politicization in the undergrounds and certain contemporary publications). In these senses the "European versions" dwell compulsively with bizarre sex, sadism, and infantile scatology. These manifestations will never find an airing in* NEMO, *but fortunately the majority of commendable European comics work is represented by the likes of Hergé, Jacobs, Greg, Pratt, Hermann, deMoor, Giardino, Battaglia, de la Fuente, Fred, Giraud, Morris, Uderzo, and many others.* —*REM*

Originals Are Looking Good

Rick,

. . . Just for consideration's sake *forgetting* the representative sampling of Great Masters' works. . . *discounting* the pure pleasure due from reading the classic comics. . . *disallowing* the major service provided by Gary Groth and yourself in showcasing these strips for old fans and those yet-to-be. . . ignoring *all* of these qualifiers—you're giving me the best non-credit history course I've put toward my degree. Thank you.

Suggestions? *Katzenjammer Kids*, Gould *Dick Tracy*, Foster and Hogarth *Tarzan*, more Herriman, a collection of Nast's nasties—hell, from O Henry, to Oliphant, do it up!!

TOM A. FIELD
AUGUSTA, ME

A Chester Gould focus appears in NEMO *17. . . Herriman will rear his lovely head with regularity. . . and a major scholarly consideration of the* Katzenjammer Kids *and their place in comics' history will be the basis of an upcoming cover story (built on my monograph at the 1984 International Salon of Comics, Animation and Illustration, in Lucca, Italy). Interesting you mention O Henry: he's worthy of note on two fronts, as a cartoonist (albeit crude) and as father-in-law to master political cartoonist Oscar Cesare; we will indeed plan an examination!* —*REM*

Presidential Citation

Dear Rick,

I want to compliment you on issue #9 of *NEMO*. When I first picked up the issue, the Hal Foster interview seemed to be the only item of exceptional merit. I was very wrong. Joe Barbera's comments allowed me to see the animation industry from a different point of view. I, like countless others, have decried the low quality of Saturday morning cartoons both in terms of unimpressive animation and watered-down scripts. At least now I understand why the industry has sunk to such low standards. Censorship infuriates me, thus I can identify with Barbera's frustration concerning the ACT and their misdiagnosis of the causes of society's problems.

Since I have already perused *Comics and Their Creators*, it was a pleasure to read Martin Sheridan's reminiscences of the King Features Bullpen days. His anecdotes were the highlight of his book and a particular delight in the article. I have always wondered who Sheridan was and how he learned so much of the men and women who produced the great comic strips. This fine article was worthwhile reading to gain an understanding of the life of a strip artist.

The final article of the issue, though, proved to be by far my favorite. "The Dirtiest Presidential Campaign" was not only a highly informative piece about the influence of the editorial cartoon, but also a well researched political history lesson. Many Americans have an idealized view of the political process. Your article showed a great deal of the behind-the-scenes machinations and in-fighting present in many political races. Further, it presented readers with some excellent political cartooning. I certainly agree with you that the demise of *Puck*, *Judge*, and other such publications was a great loss that has never been made up. There definitely is a void left. Today, there are few if any magazines which present such a wealth of political opinion in a format so readable. I compliment you on the content of the article and the timeliness of its publication. With the present Presidential campaign in full swing it could not have come out at a better time.

Expanded Horizons

Dear Rick:

So far, *NEMO* has been an educational experience. Instead of rehashing current comic books that everyone knows about, it has exposed me to material

that I had never known about. And God knows that comics fandom needs to have its horizons expanded.

ALLEN SMITH
NEW ALBANY, IN.

BY THE YEAR 2050,

EVERYONE BORN IN BALTIMORE WILL LOOK LIKE ERNEST BORGNINE

What if TV were the real world? What if America's Most Beloved Entertainers lived like. . . regular people?
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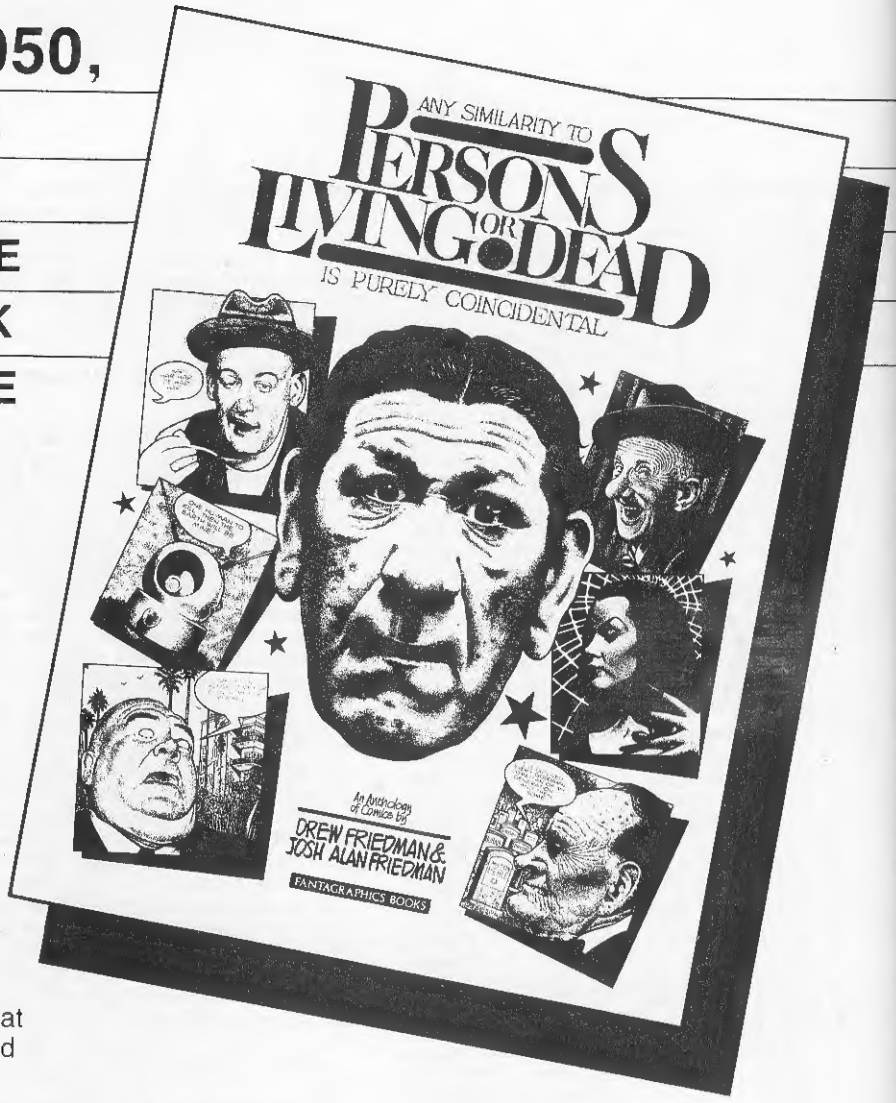
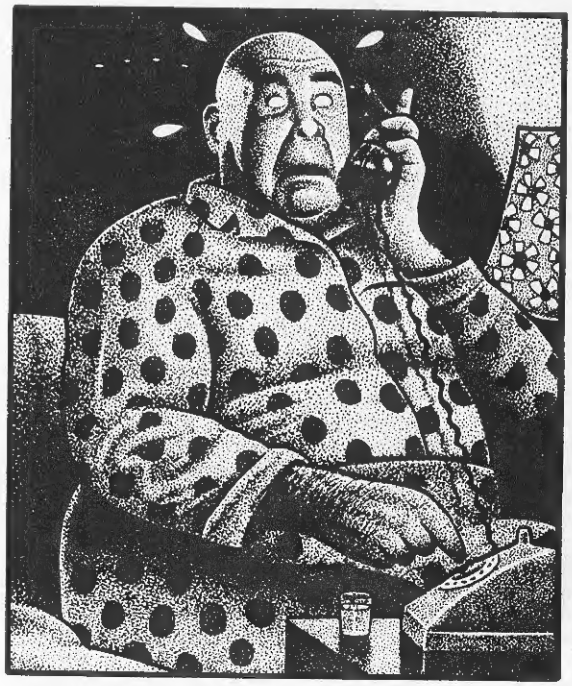
We felt it wise to put that traditional disclaimer where no one could miss it, for reasons that become obvious upon opening the book.

In the Friedman's world, it's always about 3 a.m., and superstars, half-forgotten comedians and old character actors stalk through an endless dark night of the soul, at the intersection of Hollywood Boulevard and Times Square.



Watch the flickering figures of our shared cultural fantasies repeatedly slam into the more ghastly aspects of existence, with results that are as sublime as they are sleazy.



I stand in awe of Drew Friedman's technique and the certain flavor of sad old America he captures. He's the Crumb of the '80s. I love his stuff. . .He's such a wacko!
—R. Crumb

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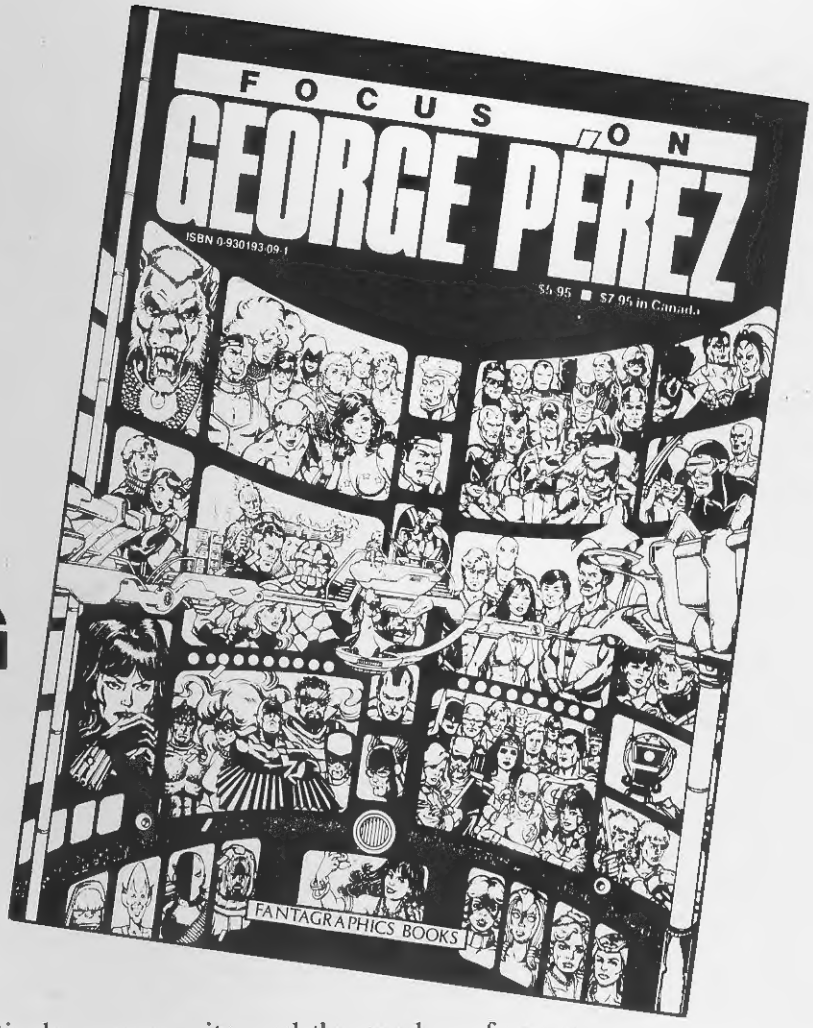

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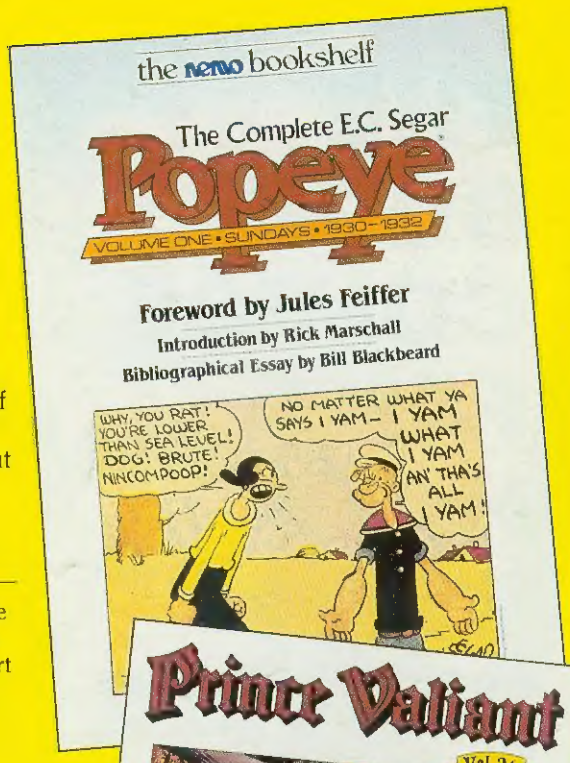
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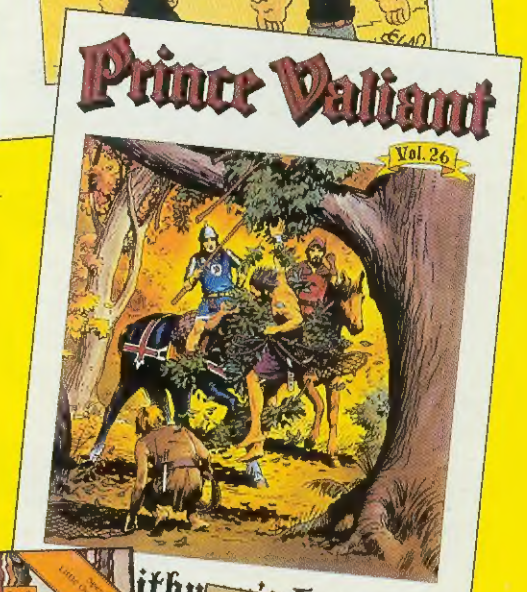

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